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the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are employed in the public sector has increased by 1.5 million, from 2.5 million in 1980 to 4 million in 1995. The public sector has become a major employer in the UK, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy.

The public sector has also become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy. The public sector has become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy. The public sector has become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy.

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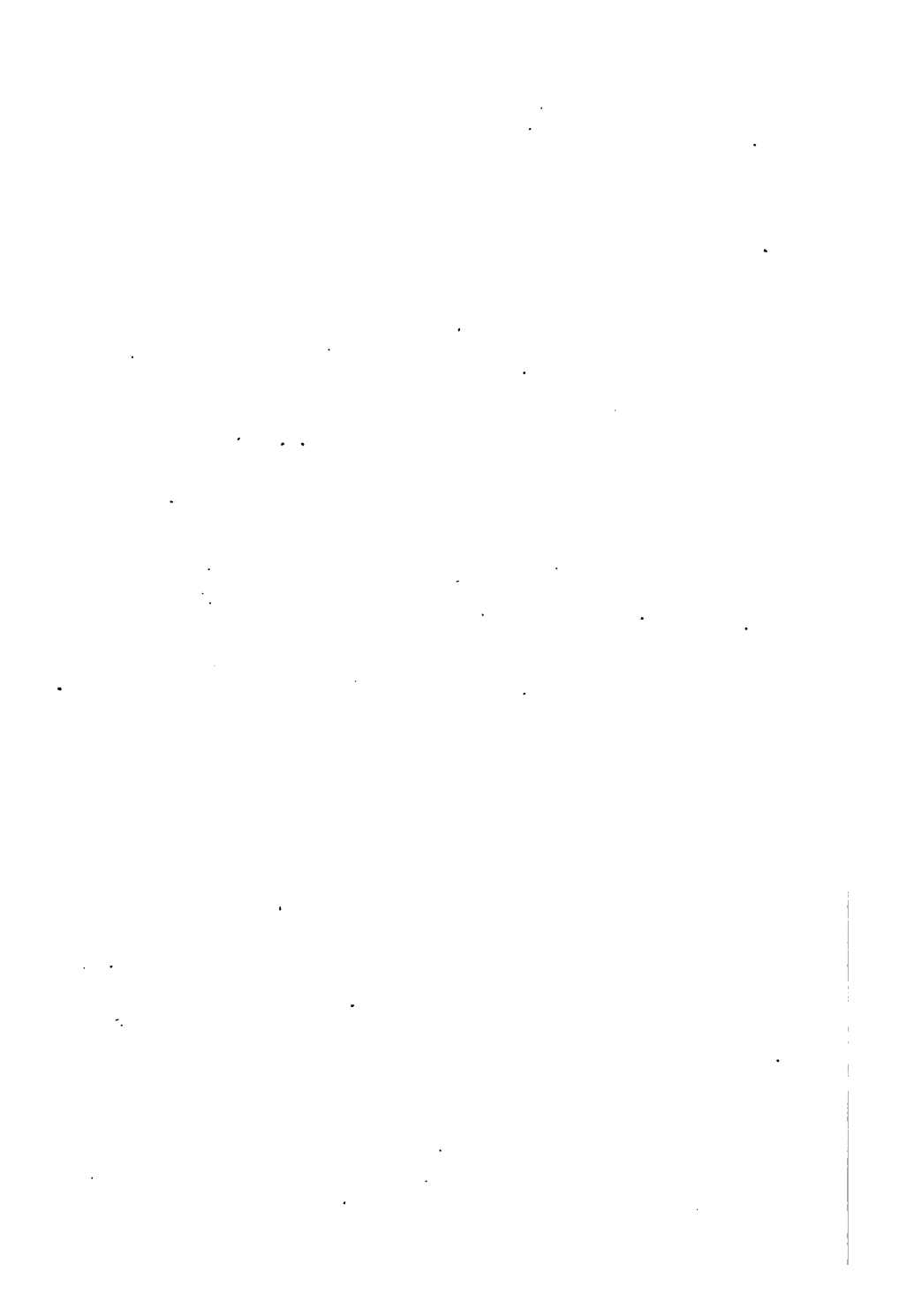
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C L Y T I E.

A Novel of Modern Life.



BY
JOSEPH HATTON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOL. II.



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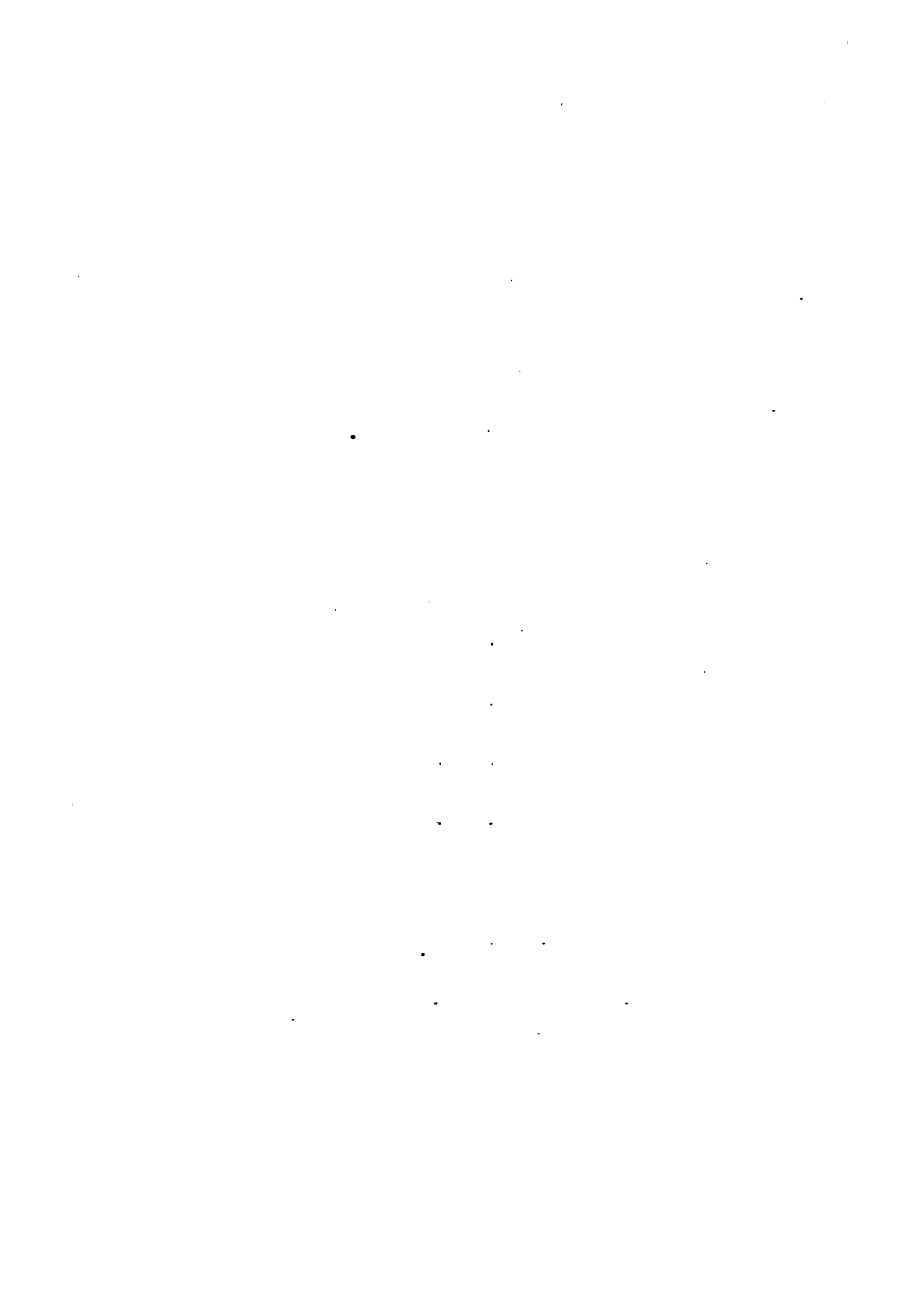
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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. AFTER TEN YEARS	I
II. THE RANSFORDS	10
III. CLYTIE AS MY LADY	24
IV. A SOCIAL TEMPEST	41
V. THE STORY IN THE PAPERS	49
VI. IN THE WITNESS-BOX	63
VII. DURING THE ADJOURNMENT	83
VIII. CLYTIE IN COURT	97
IX. CLYTIE'S LIFE IN LONDON	118
X. CLYTIE'S EVIDENCE CONTINUED	133
XI. THE FOURTH DAY OF CLYTIE'S EXAMINATION	152
XII. MR. CUFFING CONSULTS WITH HIS CLIENT	163
XIII. THE THUMB-SCREW	175
XIV. THE RACK	192
XV. THE WHEEL	229
XVI. BROKEN ON THE WHEEL	248




C L Y T I E.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER TEN YEARS.

IME halts for no man. Never ceasing, silent, unbroken, unresting, the all-conquering monarch continues his course everlastingly.

Day wearies him not. Night obstructs not his course. He stays neither for Love nor Hate. Even Money cannot arrest his footsteps. Mammon may buy most things. Time is not to be purchased. Onward, with unvarying footsteps, onward he goeth—in all weathers, through all seasons.

And yet he began his life before Adam ; this untiring Time. We look forward, and Fancy outstrips the great traveller.

Thought shoots ahead and seems to make Time lag. But Thought is spasmodic and erratic ; Time is steady and incessant in his progress. He stays not to think ; he waits not for reflection ; he does not turn his head to look upon the way he has journeyed. By-and-by he overtakes the Future, and like the rising tide obliterates the sign which Fancy had made in the sand when the sea was far away. Then we look back over the years that are gone ; look back where the landmark of our hopes and wishes once stood, look back to the spot where we made that mark on the beach, and we find that Time is not only perpetual in his advance, but swift as the wind.

When we were looking forward Time was the snail, the tortoise ; looking back, he is Time. And who or what so swift as he ? an arrow from a bow. A lightning flash. A shuttle in the loom. A swallow on the wing. A shadow on the wall. A dream of happiness. These things but faintly emblem the rapid, rushing, scudding, fleeting thing called Time.

" 'Tis a vapour in the air ;
'Tis a whirlwind rushing there ;
'Tis a short-lived fading flower ;
'Tis a rainbow on a shower ;
'Tis the closing watch of night,
Dying at the rising light ;
'Tis a landscape vainly gay,
Painted upon crumbling clay ;
'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires ;
'Tis a smoke that quick expires ;
'Tis a bubble ; 'tis a sigh :—
Be prepared, O man, to die."

Time is the great leveller, the revealer of the truth, the judge, the punisher. He is no respecter of persons. It is said that he deals tenderly with this man or that woman. It is not so. Some men and women deal tenderly with themselves. Some men and women go through life with a perpetual calmness. Fortune is in their service. Their forbears made their life free from money troubles. Others, with whom Time is supposed to deal tenderly, have banished wrinkles and disease by a strict respect of the law moral and divine. They have always had faith in the future. They have had strength of mind enough to look onward and wait. Time, passing over all

with equal pace, deals with material as he finds it. The result is according to the strength of the material, though at last there comes a day when the best must give way with the worst. Time's mission is defined. It is laid down, the course he shall travel. It is mapped out and planned with the stars and the planets, with the sun and the moon, and may not be altered.

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After ten years what has Time done with the people whose histories go to make up this story? After ten years we may fairly begin by an inquiry about Tom Mayfield.

When the Dunelm student turned his back upon the old cathedral city, plucking as he hoped the image of Clytie from his heart, he took the train to Liverpool, with the intention of going to the Antipodes. But Fate had willed it otherwise. He fell in with some men who were starting on a mining expedition to California.

Time presently encountered the misanthrope at a mining station on a salmon river, down in a wooded valley. Time found him there, a bronzed and bearded

man with his hair long and his hands broad and horny. The pale-faced, anxious-looking student, thin and delicate as Clytie had seen him in the old city, was broad and thick-set and strong among the gold-diggers of California. He lived in a cabin with one of the men whom he had met at Liverpool, and was generally looked up to and respected by the rough colony in which he had cast his lot. He and his friends were successful in their mining ventures, and after two years Tom Mayfield had deposited a considerable sum of money in the bank of the only town in the district, a small city some three hundred miles away. But Tom cared little or nothing about the money. Getting it had been an absorbing occupation which had helped him to forget why he was there, why thousands of miles of sea and land lay between him and his native country. The mining station was eventually broken up by an attack of Indians, and this made Tom a wanderer from place to place, from city to city. It was a wild strange life, full of danger and adventure. He had fought in Mexico ; he had done battle with Indians in their own fastnesses ; he had seen life in

its wildest and grandest, in its simplest and in its noblest shapes. He had dwelt with Nature in her most delicious haunts ; he had basked in the sun-lands by the Golden Gates of the Far West ; he had fought for very life against winter in winter's most appalling shape—snow. He had sat by Indian camp fires and learnt the Indian tongue ; he had seen the red man on the war trail and at peace ; as a strangely-trusted white who had shown a reckless disregard of life that had won the red man's heart he had taken part in the autumn feasts of the savage, revelling in the Indian summer. He had felt a thrill of inspiration touch his very soul at the sight of nature in this grand, wild, western dress. Manzineta berries, rich and golden, the splendid anther, the red and yellow of the maple, the cold, dark green of the firs ; the balmy sunshine, the novel festival ; no wonder the student's imagination gave back the gorgeous colours ; no wonder this wild life, with its chequered days and nights, full of romance and danger in a new world, gave a poetic tone to the settled melancholy of the disappointed lover.

Tom Mayfield found that he was a poet; and when almost everybody had forgotten him London discovered him; then England took up his book and talked of the new American writer, the new poet who dated from savage lands, from wilds of river and mountain, from a far-off country that was almost unknown; who had set the music of nature to new words, and given the language of rejected love a new dialect. The modern monks at Dunelm read the new poet and wondered at him; and the new people at the Hermitage who had never seen the former occupants at all, they had a copy of Tom Mayfield's book, a reprint from the American edition. But no one knew Tom Mayfield in connection with the book. The name on the title-page was "Kalmat," and that name suddenly became famous in England. The critics could not understand how a man such as American gossips had described could write poems that had not only all the glow and warmth of Byron, but were as scholarly in their way as the works of Pope and Young. The Americans said Kalmat was a miner, a soldier, an adventurer, a wild, uncultured


genius of the West, a native who must be self-educated, and they instanced him as an illustration of the God-gifted genius which knows all things as it were by instinct. Kalmat had nothing to say on this subject, but he wrote on. He poured out all the pent-up feelings of his soul. He wailed over his lost love. He railed against that cruel Fortune which makes love a bane and a curse, a poison to the soul, a dagger to the heart. He drew pictures of a heaven of love where each heart found its fellow, and he put it in contrast with the hell of earth where gold and jewels are weighed against a true man's devotion. Rich and glowing, and hot, and eloquent, burning, scorching, luscious words and thoughts met you at every page; and it was easy to see that a great, brave man had here given up his secret soul to poetic confession, and you pitied him though you knew him not, and said sorrow and heart-break and disappointed love had their uses since they gave inspiration to a vagabond and a wanderer, who otherwise could only have told us tales of mining life and Indian battles.

But what manner of man was this poet

of the Golden West? The newspapers gave it out that "Kalmat" was expected in England. And at the opening of the second part of this history Tom Mayfield, bronzed and bearded, and grizzled and gray with sun and shower, with heart-ache and storm, is tossing upon the bosom of the wide Atlantic, on his way home.

CHAPTER II.

THE RANSFORDS.

EN years had wrought few changes in Dunelm, so far as appearances went.

The old city was quiet and beautiful as ever. Time had found Cathedral, Bridge, and Castle strong against his grinding footsteps. People went to church on Sundays, and took their morning walk afterwards, with the usual regularity. Town Councildom talked and gossiped at nights in the bar parlour of the city tavern. Clerical Dunelm still turned up its nose at lay Dunelm. In summer the sun found the flowers and trees and wooded dells that had given so much pleasure to Clytie ready to be as genial and familiar with any one else.

But the rustle of the Ransford silks over the Prebend's Bridge was heard no more. It was always a condition of Pride that it should have a fall, and when Pride has taken the form of money-arrogance, its fall is fatal to peace ever after ; for such a fall is never softened by sympathy. The Ransfords were a hard, bitter lot. In their prosperity they had no friends, though they had much lip service ; in their fall no kind word fell upon their wounded feelings, neither man nor woman stood by them.

Old Ransford was ruined by a great bank failure, coupled with other financial complications, which brought upon him the most complete and utter despair. His fortunes were as finished a wreck as if some great tide of Fate had swept over them and left nothing but broken spars behind.

A period of ten years from the days of Clytie in Dunelm had left the Ransfords scattered, as it were, to the four winds of heaven. Their mills knew them no longer ; the house on the hill was occupied by one of Ransford's earliest and most insignificant opponents—a man who had been his cashier ; and, such are the complications of

Fate, the revenues of this Dunelm estate had for some years been paid to a special account, watched over by trustees, for the very girl whom the Ransford women had looked down upon in their rustling array of silks and jewels on that summer Sunday when Phil Ransford stopped to speak to Clytie.

Thus Time after ten years finds old Ransford in the situation of a colliery clerk at five-and-twenty shillings a week. The eldest Miss Ransford is keeping a school at Barnard Castle. She has six pupils, and finds it difficult to get meat twice a week. The second Miss Ransford has done better. She has gone out to Australia as the wife of one of her father's weavers. The youngest of the family and her mother are still better off. They are lying in the churchyard beneath the cooling shadow of an ivied tower.

And what has Time done with Phil Ransford? What has come to pass in the career of the man who deliberately laid snares and traps for the happiness and honour of a vain but pure-minded and innocent girl? Is there anything in that

philosophy which holds that sin brings its own punishment? The Phil Ransfords of the world, are they to wait for their deserts until the Last Day? Is there no living present hand to spurn them? Does no one strike them down in the streets? Do they go on and sleep and breathe the air equally with other men? Not always. Now and then the Higher Power makes examples of them here, and they come to miserable endings. But the mischief they do is greater than their punishment, and because such men appear to flourish, the hasty and short sighted say there is no God.

Phil Ransford is a needy, shabby genteel, bouncing, billiard-sharping, vulgar schemer about London. Once he was nearly a successful adventurer. He made friends with a promoter of public companies, and narrowly escaped making twenty thousand pounds. He commenced to exhibit his real character before the transaction was quite closed, and just in time to be kicked out of Lombard Street by a northern giant upon whose money Phil had already placed his hand. Phil could not get on in the City after this, and was obliged to confine his operations

to that part of London which is west of Temple Bar. Here he was an adventurer with many fortunes. If he had not been expelled from two respectable clubs to which he belonged in his palmy days of Dunelm, his operations might have been on a large scale, but in one way or another Fate hustled him out of all decent society. Even Bohemia had utterly discarded him. The Wyldenberg set looked down upon him. Now and then, however, he would for a week or two at a time raise his head from the clouds that had settled upon him, and walk out, the shadow of what he had been. A new coat, a pair of well-cleaned trousers, a white hat with a black band, an eye-glass, a cane, would help the general effect of a sort of spasmodic attempt to emerge once more into semi-respectable life ; but these reappearances in respectable streets and at first-class cafés were only spasmodic. He soon dropped back again into the darkness to cheat and swindle on a small scale, and to curse Lord St. Barnard and his wife, whom he charged with helping to ruin him. This was a theme of which he never tired.

•

"If half of what you say is true," said Mr. Simon Cuffing, a touting lawyer, who pushed his profession chiefly in the hall of the Lambeth County Court, "if only half of it is true, I tell you, there is no difficulty about making money out of them."

"If! What do you mean, Cuffing?" said Phil.

"Mean what I say," said the shabby little lawyer, sipping his twopennyworth of gin.

"Do you disbelieve me?" asked Phil, taking a cheap cigar from his mouth, and putting on an air of injured innocence.

"Not exactly; but a clever fellow with a secret such as you possess ought not to be drinking in this miserable coffee-house with a common lawyer such as I," said Cuffing.

"How do you mean, Cuffing?"

"Have you never tried them for money?"

"Never! You forget yourself, Cuffing. A man with an Oxford education, and the prospect of a seat in the House of Commons! I may be down now, Cuffing, but I do not forget that I am a gentleman."

"Don't you?" said the lawyer, unmoved.
"I thought you had forgotten that long ago."

"Ah, you are like the rest, Cuffing; you only judge a man by his purse and his appearance."

"I judge him by the company he keeps. No gentleman would have me for his boon companion, to begin with."

"Cuffing, I bear no malice; here's my hand," said Phil, grandly; "if you do say an unkind thing, you generally turn it back upon yourself."

Cuffing took the ends of Phil's fingers in his hand for a moment, and then gave them back to their owner, saying,

"And if you tell a lie about a business matter, if it is to your interest to withdraw it and tell the truth, you generally do so."

"Cuffing!" exclaimed Phil, "ten years ago, if any man had said that to me, I would have brained him on the spot."

"Ten years ago," said Cuffing, calmly.
"Did you know Lord St. Barnard then?"

32

"No ; not this one ; I knew the old lord slightly."

"Ah ; who is this other fellow, then ?"

"The old lord died about eight years ago, and this fellow was his nephew, a long way removed."

"What is he like ?"

"Oh, he's what you would call a good-looking ass enough, as far as that goes."

"Ah ; is he a civil sort of fellow ?"

"Yes, civil enough, the beast."

"When was the last time he gave you money ?"

"He never gave me money. Cuffing, 'pon my soul, I shall strike you if you treat me in this way," exclaimed Phil. "Have I not told you over and over again, that revenge is my only feeling in this matter—wounded pride, outraged honour."

Cuffing shrugged his shoulders, grinned sarcastically, and took a pinch of snuff.

"Strike me !" he said. "Why, Ransford, I would shoot you like a dog if you laid a hand on me."

"Shoot me ?" said Phil, with undisguised horror. "Do you carry a pistol, then ?"

"I do, except when my uncle carries it

for me ; but at this moment I happen to be carrying it myself."

"The devil you do," said Phil ; "and what is it ?"

"There it is," replied the gin-drinker, producing a revolver.

"You alarm me, Cuffing," said Phil. "I hate pistols, and I would rather be hanged than shot."

"The chances are greatly in favour of your own choice of deaths being favourably considered by a kind Providence," said the lawyer.

"You are simply a brute, Cuffing—simply a brute."

"Not at all ; go on with your story. Let me see, where were we ?"

"If I go on, don't call me names ; that is, don't insinuate that I am a liar."

"I never insinuate," said the lawyer.

"You want to pump me in your own way, and to get my story out of me as easily as if you had your hand upon old Aldgate pump."

"I don't want to pump you," said Cuffing ; but I see no reason why you shouldn't have revenge as well as money. Hitherto,

you say, you have had the money from her ladyship, not from Lord St. B.?"

"Well, if you must have it, I admit that on two occasions I have ; but the money was not so sweet as sitting at luncheon with her and my lord."

"When was that?"

"A year ago, at the Westminster Palace Hotel ; I made her introduce me ; I made her ask me to luncheon."

"That was plucky," said Cuffing. "I wonder he stood it."

"Stand anything from her," said Phil : "but she has thrown down the cards, won't play any more."

"No ; how is that?"

"Have called twice, and she declines to see me."

"Ah, that's wrong. Have you written to her?"

"Yes, and she takes no notice."

"You have worried her too much, perhaps. Ever meet her out anywhere?"

"I used to go into the park on purpose."

"Yes," said Cuffing, making perfect mental notes of the situation ; "did she recognize you?"

"Yes, they both bowed; I insisted on that."

"Then you had talked the matter over?"

"A year ago. Yes, after that luncheon."

"I see, I see. Then you were in the park last week; for I remember you had on a new coat. Did you see her?"

"Yes, and Barnard too."

"And they cut you dead?"

"They did, curse them, and it shall be the dearest cut they ever made."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Expose her, crush her. Curse the woman, why, she gets her very pin money out of my property."

"How?"

"The Dunelm estate, which was to have been mine, and would but for the old lord foreclosing, is her husband's. I am not sure if the old lord did not give her the proceeds before he died."

"That is important," said Cuffing. "His lordship is a great swell, is he not?"

"A Lord of the Admiralty, something in the Queen's Household, a Colonel of Volunteers, Lord Lieutenant of his county, the Lord knows what, curse him!"

"Her ladyship has been present at Court, of course."

"Yes ; I stood near Buckingham Palace and saw her on her way. There was a block of carriages. I stood and looked at her. By heaven, you should have seen the cold-hearted little beggar. She looked bang at me, as if she had never seen me."

"She is clever, then."

"Clever isn't the word for it ; but clever people always make mistakes."

"Money is your game I conclude, though I see revenge in your eye," said the lawyer. "You have never tried his lordship ? Now, no more equivocating, be straight with me, and I can help you."

"I have tried him," said Phil. "You would worm the very soul out of a fellow."

"Did you say what you would do ?"

"I hinted at it."

"That you knew his wife under disreputable circumstances, or words to that effect ?"

"I did."

"What did he say ?"

"Called me a scamp, showed me the

door, and threatened to hand me over to the police if ever I annoyed him again."

"Now, why in heaven's name did you not tell me all this at first? You must get a little money and take respectable lodgings somewhere West, and then we will bring these aristocrats down—that is, if you are prepared to state on oath a quarter of what you have said to me unsworn, any time this six months."

"What, about the lady?"

"Yes, your associations with her, your knowledge of her career."

"I am prepared for anything," said Phil.

"Very well, then, make a little money somehow, brush up a bit, and I will show you how to play your cards."

"There's my hand," said Phil.

The little lawyer took and returned the fingers as before, called for another two of gin, drank it off, and without another word said "Good-night," leaving his companion sole occupant of the little back room where they had met by appointment. Phil threw the end of his cigar upon the floor, buttoned his coat, and sauntered into the street. It was early summer, and about ten o'clock.

If he could make a sovereign at pool he thought he would try his hand again at cards. The luck must turn some time; perhaps it would turn now. If it did, he could go on with his bitter fight. Cuffing was right; he would do no good in his present condition. He must be well dressed and lodge in a decent quarter of the town. If he could only get back to those old chambers in Piccadilly! Then he would make the Barnards tremble. To cut him, to threaten him with the police, to leave him to starve! He would show her ladyship and my lord too. He would take the starch out of the Admiralty collar. Yes, by heaven, if he were hanged for it, the infernal stuck-up thief! And Lady B., with her grand airs and her St. John's Wood history, if he did not bring her down upon her knees in the mud he wished he might be struck dead.

Soliloquizing thus, Mr. Phil Ransford, billiard sharper, cheat, loafer, and coward, lounged into a favourite gambling house in Soho.

CHAPTER III.

CLYTIE AS MY LADY.



HIS flight of ten years finds Clytie's vague dream of greatness and wealth realized.

She never saw her grandfather again. The old man passed out into the shadow at the old Bedford Street lodgings, where he dreamed that he had found Clytie, and was taking her home to his other child, who was beckoning him away. It was a heavenly dream. There was no awakening in it, no coming back at daybreak to the cold unsympathetic street and the wearying, vainless search. He passed away in a dream of happiness, and the shadows received him tenderly and still, and he went out to them with a gentle smile upon his face, in which Death seemed to have smoothed out the wrinkles of Time.

And Clytie ! Ten years of her life are a blank to us. Since the door of Phil Ransford's chambers closed upon her, she has spent her life outside the historian's special ken. The story has to come to him second hand, as it were ; it must be told by others. Unfortunately the greater part of it has to come through a muddy source. As this second book of the general narrative opens, Phil Ransford is making up his mind to lift the veil that hangs over these ten years. Supported by Mr. Cuffing, he is forming a distinct and settled resolution to tell Clytie's story aloud ; to proclaim it on the house tops ; to call Envy, Hatred, Malice, and all Uncharitableness together, and ask them to hold an inquest upon the reputation of Lady Barnard. For the close of these ten years, the end of this flash of time, finds Clytie a lady of rank and title, the wife of that nephew of the former master of Grassnook to whom Lord St. Barnard referred in his touching soliloquy upon Clytie's picture while the Dean of Dunelm was on his way to London.

Lord St. Barnard, it will be remembered,

resolved that none of the Clytie taint should touch the sainted name of the Barnards. Something was due to the family. The records should have no account of the wild elopement and final marriage to an actress of his son Frank. No, he would rescue Clytie from the ruin which seemed to threaten her. But Bankside, and Weardale, and Grassnook should go intact to his nephew and children. And if Phil Ransford did not marry Clytie, the girl should have the proceeds of the Dunelm property in her own right. You remember all this; how Lord St. Barnard sat and thought it out, and ordered his lawyers and a detective to come down to him from London on the following day.

Man proposes. At the end of ten years, while the old lord lies with his son Frank in the family vault, Clytie reigns mistress of Bankside, and Weardale, and Grassnook. The nephew, a widower when the late lord died, has married Clytie, but without any knowledge of the relationship which makes her his cousin.

All the girl's dream of riches, and carriages, and horses has been fulfilled. She

is rich and happy. The old house on the Thames has never seen a fairer lady at the head of a Barnard table. Grassnook is her ladyship's favourite establishment, and Mrs. Breeze declares that it is the loveliest spot in all the world. Well, the truth is, she says, she couldn't have believed that nature could be so beautiful; and as for living in a lodge, why, Johnny is quite right, it is a little palace; and their own boat on the river, and their own son, Master 'Arry, a rowing of it with Miss Breeze and her engaged lover; and Johnny having little to do and well paid to do it, and altogether perfect happiness. As for the missus, Lady St. Barnard, well, there never was a lovelier or a better in the world, a coming and sitting down in the lodge and talking to them just as easy and free as in the old days; well, there, Mrs. Breeze considers that romances and plays and such like 'aint nothing to compare for wonders to the story of her ladyship, who come to her for lodgings that blessed day ten years ago at St. Mark's Crescent.

Yes, Clytie was married; neither to Tom Mayfield nor to Phil Ransford, but to

Lord St. Barnard, a peer of the realm and a nobleman of wealth and consideration. His lordship was about twenty years his wife's senior. He was a widower when he met Clytie and fell desperately in love with her. They had met in society, the lady having established herself in this supposed exclusive world with little or no difficulty, on the strength of her beauty and her income; for the proceeds of the Dunelm property had come to her soon after that new will of old Lord St. Barnard was made, with White, the detective, as one of the witnesses. Clytie had not made a public appearance on the stage. Her experience of rehearsing at the Delphos, and her experience of a first night that came to an end before the curtain went up, coupled with the conditions upon which she was to be paid a certain income, robbed the theatre of a really great actress; but enabled Clytie, sooner than she expected, to order her carriage to be driven to St. Mark's Crescent, when she fulfilled her promise that if ever she were in a position to do so she would take Mrs. Breeze out. It had been a red letter day

in the history of St. Mark's, this arrival of a handsome carriage and pair at the Breezes, and the alighting of an elegantly dressed lady who kissed Mrs. Breeze on the doorstep, and went into the house and came out again half an hour afterwards with Mrs. Breeze and drove away. After this the P. K. family had not only gone up in the estimation of the whole street, but they gradually gave up letting lodgings, and one day the P. K. himself switched his cane in the face of the sleek, freckled gentleman over the way, who had complained of Master 'Arry snowballing his eldest son. In short the Breezes went up socially and financially. About two years after the advent of the carriage they all went out one early morning in great style to see a wedding at St. George's, and a month or two after that their house in St. Mark's Crescent changed tenants, and the Breezes went to Grassnook.

Clytie looked her position to the life. The timid, pretty girl had grown into the handsome, high-spirited woman. She carried herself with grace and dignity. If she had been born to a coronet she could

not have held herself better. There was the freedom of secured position in her manner.

She was a countess, and she looked it. Assured of her rank, she could afford to be gracious to those beneath her, and she was. This is the special privilege of rank, fearing no rivalry except from rank, to make those of inferior station at home in your society. Lady St. Barnard was even now only eight-and-twenty. She looked thirty. Her figure was thoroughly matured. An ample bust, a fair, Clytie-like face, deep violet eyes, brown wavy hair, a mouth with a slight expression of pout on the lips, a dimpled chin, her head well set upon her shoulders, her gait free and flexible, her arms models of shape, her hands white and dimpled, and indicating a generous nature, Lady St. Barnard was acknowledged to be one of the loveliest women who had ever graced aristocratic society.

My lord was a tall dark man of fifty, with long black hair streaked with gray, a clean-shaven face of singular character. His mouth was firm but generous in its curve and outline. He was a man of strong

passions and romantic sentiment. His love and his hate were alike vehement and lasting. He had made a high position for himself with the Tory party, and he was respected by Whig and Liberal. As an author, too, he had given evidence of great literary and critical power. He was not a man to let his title to respect and distinction simply depend upon his right to honour on account of his rank. He loved his countess with a strong and fervent affection. She had not been easily won. Over and over again she had distinctly told his lordship that she had made up her mind never to marry. Moreover, her station in life was not equal to his, and she was proud, and would rather not incur so large a debt to her husband for rank and station as marrying Lord St. Barnard would involve. Further, she had in her own mind conceived the idea that the old lord was her grandfather, and the relationship of her aristocratic lover puzzled her. When she made out that he would only be a cousin several times removed, her scruples in that direction were satisfied ; but the mystery of her parentage, the character of her education, the little cloud that

had hung over her early life, influenced her more than all other considerations. Love, however, if it only be true and patient, conquers and overcomes all obstacles. Lord St. Barnard was at last successful, and we are now introduced to Clytie and her husband after seven years of happy married life, only disturbed by the shadow of Phil Ransford, who now openly threatened Lady St. Barnard with social exposure.

"Mary," said his lordship, "you know there is no sacrifice under heaven that I would not make for you."

"My dear husband," said Clytie, looking up into his face with perfect confidence in the avowal.

"When you consented to make me the happiest of men seven years ago you said there was a family mystery about your early life that had alone influenced you in rejecting me twice previously."

"Yes, dear, but I think I have told you all the mystery over and over again," said my lady.

"You mean the professional character of your mother, her elopement, your unhappy

life at Dunelm, and your running away. I refuse to see anything derogatory in that. Moreover society condones such incidents every day. At the present moment, the lady who is in the highest consideration at Court, who almost performs royal duties in her entertainments and hospitality, was the daughter of an actor to whom my uncle had almost given alms.

"You ought to be a Liberal in politics, my dear lord," said Clytie, "your sentiments are too generous."

"We Tories, dear, are chivalrous, and we count Love and Beauty outside the pale of politics," said my lord, kissing hiswife with an air of high-bred gallantry.

"I know what you wish to speak about ; I see the same expression of trouble in your eye as that which only comes there when you have seen or heard from Mr. Ransford. Ah ! my dear, I was right when I resolved never to marry, and wrong to indulge in the supreme happiness of being your wife. My instinct told me that, sooner or later, this man would be the cause of grief and trouble and annoyance, not to me alone—for I could have borne it singly—but to my husband."

"Have no fear, my darling."

"I do fear; I have a presentiment that this coward and plebeian will separate us. I saw him a week ago pass Grassnook in a boat. He was pointing at the house. I was sitting on the terrace with our little Helen, and it seemed as if his shadow fell upon me and chilled my heart."

"My own darling, you have a delicate and sensitive nature. Tell me what it is we have to fear from this man, who threatens now so boldly, and in such a way as to invite and almost compel defiance and action."

"Nothing, my lord," said Clytie. "I do not think there is anything in my life that I need blush for. I did not tell you that when quite a girl, this person, who knew my grandfather, paid a clandestine visit to me, and that my grandfather dragged me into the house and called me cruel names."

His lordship winced. It seemed strange to hear this lovely woman, his wife, a countess and a queen in society, make such a confession.

“And I told you how he drove me to his chambers in Piccadilly when I had commenced the profession of my mother on the stage.”

Clytie’s voice trembled, and she looked timidly at her husband’s face, which was more fixed and stern than she had ever seen it.

“Yes, you told me that,” said his lordship, inwardly counting how far such incidents might be twisted to the purpose of a villain who now openly told Lord St. Barnard that he would have his wife excluded from Court.

“There is one circumstance which I have never attempted to explain to you fully,” said Clytie. “I told you that I had every reason to believe that my mother was married—indeed, that I never doubted it. My grandfather Waller promised some day to satisfy me upon this subject.”

“You think this scoundrel will strike at us from that point?” asked his lordship, interrupting her.

“I do not know what to think, my dear; but these subjects have recently been much

in my mind, and I believe that the secret of the late Lord St. Barnard's finding me out and settling that money upon me was not simply because he knew my grandfather and was a friend of the Dean, but on account of his son having married my mother."

"What are you saying? You bewilder me," said my lord.

"I think you and I, dear, are cousins; I have thought so for years."

"And never confided in me until now," said his lordship reproachfully.

"I was afraid," said Clytie; "I did not like to talk about these things."

"Then you did not love me as I have loved you."

Clytie laid her head upon her husband's shoulder and wept.

"My own dear love," he said, putting his arm round her, "I did not intend to wound you; be brave and trust me and tell me all."

"I think the late earl's son, Frank, was my father, and I think God brought you to me because He was more kind to me than to you."

"Why more kind?"

"Because you brought happiness to me; I in return give you trouble and shame."

"What shame?"

"You should have married in your own station—one of your own rank, and you should have known her life from the first."

"If your suspicions are correct, I have married in my own rank, and if you have told me all your life, I know it from the first; and whether this be so or not, you are my wife, the mother of my children, and I love you with all my heart and soul."

He took her into his arms and pressed her to his heart.

"I think the Dean knows about my mother," said Clytie presently. "I feel sure he does; he was in the confidence of the late lord."

"He shall come down and see us; next week he is to be in town, and he likes Grassnook, he says, better than Dunelm. And now, my darling, we will talk no more about these things."

"But what will this man, this Ransford, do?"

"We must have him punished, I think."

"Punished!" said Clytie. "How? By the law?"

"Yes, dear, I think so."

"An action, then, for libel, or an arrest and prison?"

"I hardly know; some action must be taken, unless you object."

"I do not object for myself," said Clytie.

"I have no wish or feeling beyond you."

"My dear Edward," said Clytie, suddenly drawing herself up to her full height, and looking straight into her husband's eyes, "I see that you are more troubled about this matter than you care to say. The time has come when this coward and calumniator must be met. I see it; I feel it; I have thought about it always when you are out of my sight. Do what in your wisdom you judge to be right. Count me as nothing against your honour; let no consideration for my feelings influence your action. I am your cousin and your wife. Man nor woman, howsoever pure, can go through

this muddy world and escape calumny even in the humblest ranks ; how much more shall scandal fall upon those who rise to distinction and affluence ! If an early life of trouble, running away from home, being a student for the stage, a lodger in an obscure street, be fatal to a woman's reputation ; then buy this man who denounces me ; if a love of art, a wilful nature, an unhappy home, an effort at independence, and the persecution of a scoundrel are no dishonour to a noble name ; then, my lord, hold this man up in the light of day and let him be punished."

Clytie's languid eyes flashed with an unwonted brilliancy. She looked wonderfully beautiful.

"It shall be so," said her husband, ringing the bell.

A servant handed to his lordship a letter and an evening paper.

"Send the children to me," said her ladyship.

A boy and girl came bounding into the room. Clytie caught them both in her arms and kissed them.


Lord St. Barnard uttered a cry of pain-

ful surprise and turned pale. His wife and children were by his side in a moment.

"It is nothing, it is nothing," said his lordship; but in his right hand he was crushing both letter and newspaper, as if such stings as they contained might be grasped and killed like nettles.

CHAPTER IV.

A SOCIAL TEMPEST.

WO days after Lord St. Barnard received that letter and paper which stung him so cruelly, Tom Mayfield, the "Kalmat" of literary society, arrived in London. The waif of the sea and desert had been blown back to his native shore. He had come from the land of the sun, from Mexican seas, from the deep gold valleys of tawny men; he had come from the vast spaces where Nature stands alone and swings her brawny arms over mountain and prairie; where there are forests primeval, like floating islands in seas of sand where night is night, and day is hot and glorious, and full of mighty shadows that

follow the track of the sun's hot radiant beams ; where—

“ The fair Sierras
Are under our feet, and the heart beats high
And the blood comes quick ; but the lips are still
With awe and wonder, and all the will
Is bow'd with a grandeur that frets the sky.”

From the steamer at Liverpool he had gone straight to the Langham Hotel. How tame and strangely familiar it all seemed.

It was night when he arrived in London. He had dined and sauntered into the general room to look at the newspapers, and consult with himself concerning his movements. The persons who were spending their time in a similar way looked up at the bronzed gray-bearded young man ; for even the lines in his face and the silver streaks in his hair did not altogether disguise the fact that he was not an old man. He was broad of shoulder and agile of tread. He had great hard-looking hands. There was gentleness and yet defiance in his eye. Though it was summer he wore a thick brown velvet coat, but his collar was low in the neck,

His hair was long and grizzly gray. His beard was heavy and matted like a lion's. It was not long, but it seemed to hang down in gray rope-like masses. Even his mother, had she been alive, might have been forgiven for not knowing him. The thin, delicate-looking student of Dunelm seemed to have lost every point of resemblance in this stalwart miner, warrior, hunter, and poet.

The latest arrival at the Langham sat down and took up a newspaper. He looked at it, but he was not reading it. He was examining the room, and thinking how different it was to the Californian hotels, to the huts on the mining river. There were two ladies pretending also to read, and several countrymen and foreigners yawning and wondering whether they should go out to a theatre or play at billiards. Half a dozen others were similarly occupied, except when they were wondering why the gentleman of the thick gray hair did not either dye it or have it cut. Tom could hardly realize the fact that he was again in England, and yet, now that he sat here once more among

English people at home, the past appeared to him to be a very long way off. What had become of Clytie? Did he love her yet? Yes, as one loves a child that is dead; as one looks back and sighs over a once happy time; as one loves the days when we were young. He had given up the Dunelm beauty on that fatal night when he saw the signal which was to tell Philip Ransford that she was ready to elope with him. Within a mile of the Langham there was an old woman who could have told him that Clytie had no hand in that fatal exhibition of the flowers. Old Waller before he died impressed this upon the woman's memory, in order that she might do justice to Clytie in this respect if ever fate should bring the lost child in her way. But Tom Mayfield could only think of events as they had presented themselves to him, as he had seen them occur, and those flowers on the window-sill ten years ago had been the keynote to many a sad and cynical line in his now famous book of "Poems of the Prairie." What a panorama of thought and fancy, of happy memories, of miserable days

and nights passed before Tom's mind, as he sat thinking of the events that crowded his experience of the last ten years! How different might it have been had Clytie returned his love in that old city of the North where Time himself might stand still, if he dared, and gaze upon the Temple of Stone rising into the clouds above the banks of the whispering Wear! What had become of her? She had married that big lying, wealthy plebeian Ransford, no doubt, and possibly had a house in town. If she had married him, she certainly was not happy. He had ill-treated her; he had grown jealous of her, and made her life miserable. Kalmat hoped not; he would have her happy. Perhaps she had married well; some man who could really love her had won her heart at last. Or perhaps she was still unmarried, still living in the Bailey at Dunelm, a round dimpled beauty in a lilac silk dress, the pride and consolation of her dear old grandfather. The faintest tingle of hope gave warmth to the poet's heart for a moment as this thought followed the others coursing through his brain, and then he seemed to

hear the sympathetic music of the dear old organ wandering through the arches of St. Bride's, and going out into the open air to be lost, among the hum of bees and the perfumes of the lilac.

What a delicious dream it was, this last flow of memory back to the somnolent city, with its Hermitage, its rooms over the College gateway, its river and trees, and its Sunday morning walks after church, and its Clytie real and in the flesh, and its white sculptured Clytie of Mrs. Golding's rooms. Many a time since, he had thought himself cruel in his destruction of that once loved bust ; but he had always carried the image of it in his heart. Passing through New York on his way to England, it had given him a pang to see the well-known bust in more than one shop window. No one could possibly know how much that figure symbolized to him. That was his own secret, however, and in a grim sort of fashion he congratulated himself upon the fact. He lived within himself, this grizzly Kalmat ; he nursed his own joys and sorrows ; he shared them only with the Muses, who asked no ques-

tions, who required no details, who never hinted at names and dates, but who took his story broadly, and gave him all the consolation of confession without its reality.

It is sorrow that makes the poet. There is no singer who is all joy. Nature in woods and dells inspired the first dreamers ; but Love and Death taught them the tender beauty of woe. Poetry is the soul of things, and Kalmat had tuned the melancholy of his own heart to the everlasting music which is the most precious gift the world can receive from man. But we live in a hard world, and Kalmat was about to receive some further blows from the realistic hammer upon the poor shield behind which he defended himself.

In the midst of his reverie he heard the names of Mary Waller, Philip Ransford, and Dunelm. It was as if fate had moulded his thoughts into words, and had flung these at him in mockery. He turned round and observed that the speaker was an ordinary looking person sitting close by, and that he was reading a newspaper to a companion who was lolling in an easy-chair

and listening with evident enjoyment. Tom Mayfield's first impulse was to rush upon the reader and snatch the paper from him ; but he remembered that he held in his own hands also an evening newspaper. He turned it over and examined it eagerly. Indeed, his sudden excitement attracted the attention of the people about him. At last Tom's eyes rested upon a well-known name, and he commenced to read. Word by word, line by line, he devoured a column of the latest intelligence, uttering almost audibly every now and then, " My God !" and " What can this mean ?" At last all suddenly hissed between his teeth the words " liar" and " coward ;" then flinging the paper to the ground, he strode hastily out of the room, the only impression which he left behind being that he was drunk. And so he was—drunk with amazement, anger, grief, rage, thirsting for the truth, his whole soul panting for satisfaction and revenge.

CHAPTER V.

THE STORY IN THE PAPERS.



HIS is what greeted Tom Mayfield on his return to his native land; this is what he read :—

At Bow Street Police Court this day Philip Ransford, of Piccadilly, gentleman, was brought up charged with maliciously publishing a libel upon the Right Hon. Lord St. Barnard, an officer of the Queen's Household, &c., &c., with intent to extort money.

Mr. Holland appeared for the noble prosecutor, and Mr. Cuffing conducted the case for the prisoner.

In a lengthy opening speech, Mr. Holland said the charges against the defendant were of a very serious character, inasmuch

as the libels were obnoxious, false, and malicious, and published with intent to extort money from Lord and Lady St. Barnard, who the prisoner thought would not seek redress in a court of justice. The leading points of the case might be briefly stated. Lord St. Barnard married Lady St. Barnard at St. George's, Hanover Square, in the presence of mutual friends and relatives and numerous witnesses. Lady St. Barnard was Miss Mary Waller, of Dunelm, grand-daughter of the late Mr. Luke Waller, organist of St. Bride's in that city, a friend of the late Lord St. Barnard, and a gentleman much esteemed in the Northern city. Previous to her marriage Lady St. Barnard had known the defendant, who had in fact been a suitor for her hand. When her ladyship and Lord St. Barnard returned from their honeymoon, which they had spent in Italy, the defendant left his card at Grassnook, his lordship's seat on the Thames, and afterwards met the noble pair at the Botanical Gardens, and congratulated them upon their marriage, Lady St. Barnard introducing Mr. Ransford to her husband as

the son of Mr. Ransford of Dunelm, one of the late lord's principal tenants in the North. After this commenced the defendant's persecutions. Almost immediately he wrote to Lady St. Barnard for money. He demanded from her £300 on some imaginary claim for money lent to her grandfather. She sent him a cheque for it. In two months afterwards he wrote again upbraiding Lady St. Barnard for all kinds of injuries which he charged her with having inflicted upon his family. It appeared that the defendant's father held under mortgage a considerable property in Dunelm, and that owing to a bank failure and other misfortunes he became bankrupt, whereupon the late Lord St. Barnard foreclosed and took possession of his estate, the proceeds of which he settled upon Lady St. Barnard, then Miss Waller, in whose welfare he had, as the grandchild of his old friend, Mr. Waller, taken a great interest from her infancy. In short, it would be conclusively shown that this child was no other than the granddaughter of the late earl, who was charged by the prisoner with occupying the position of her "protector," a phrase suffi-

ciently understood to render any explanation of its meaning unnecessary. The real relationship, however, of the late earl and Miss Waller could not have been known by the prisoner ; and on this point, if allowance of any kind could be made for such a person, some consideration might be shown him on the score of ignorance and his own vicious imagination, but it must at the same time be borne in mind that upon this untenable suggestion of his malice the prisoner had founded his other libels. It was no fault of her ladyship's that the Ransford family came to grief, and it was a cowardly thing to attack her even upon that ground ; but he could not find words strong enough in which to denounce the libels that followed. However, on this second application for money Lady St. Barnard consulted her solicitor, and the result was the payment to the defendant of £100, and he gave an acknowledgment in full of all demands. The prisoner, it would appear, then went abroad, and Lady St. Barnard heard no more of him for three years, since which time he had constantly annoyed her. Her ladyship was

presented at Court by the Duchess of Bolsover, and had frequently been at her Majesty's Drawing-rooms. Last week the defendant wrote to the Lord Chamberlain complaining of Lady St. Barnard, stating that she had misconducted herself in London prior to her marriage, and before his lordship could make inquiries into the complaint, the defendant followed up his malicious letter by a statutory declaration at this Court, which said statutory declaration was as follows :—

“ I, Philip Ransford, of Piccadilly, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows ;
(1) I have been for several years past well acquainted with Lady St. Barnard, and I am also acquainted with the Right Hon. Edward Frampton Earl St. Barnard, of Grassnook, in the county of Berkshire.
(2) The said Lady St. Barnard was a Mary Waller, of Dunelm, in which city I was on intimate terms with her. (3) The said Lady St. Barnard, then Mary Waller, suddenly left Dunelm unknown to her grandfather and friends, and sought lodgings at a notorious house in St. John's

Wood, and afterwards lodged in St. Mark's Crescent, Primrose Hill. (4) The said Mary Waller afterwards took an engagement at the Delphos Theatre, under the name of Miss Pitt, and afterwards lived at Gloucester Gate, Hyde Park, under the protection of the late Lord St. Barnard, a well-known patron of the drama. Eventually she married the present earl, nephew of the late Lord St. Barnard. (5) My first acquaintance with the said Mary Waller was at Dunelm, when I met her in the Banks and asked her if her grandfather was at home, and I then walked home with her. I frequently visited her there, and on one occasion spent several hours with her in a summer house at the end of the garden, where our interview was interrupted by her grandfather, who dragged her into the house and denounced her as a strumpet. (6) I subsequently met the said Mary Waller in London, and took her to the Delphos Theatre in my brougham, and was with her behind the scenes, and on one occasion had luncheon with her in the manager's room, in company with two other kept women. (7) After this she

went home with me to my chambers in Piccadilly, and spent the night there. (8) The said Lord St. Barnard knew when he married the said Mary Waller that she was the kept mistress of his late uncle. And I make this declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of an Act made and provided.

“Declared at the Police Court, Bow Street, in the county of Middlesex.

“PHILIP RANSFORD,

“M. WINNINGTON, one of the Magistrates of the Police Courts of the Metropolis.”

Mr. Holland, in concluding his remarks, said the prisoner had carried on his malicious persecution so long that Lord St. Barnard felt bound, in the interests of society and for the protection of his wife, to come to a court of justice to punish the delinquent. He should show the Bench on the most undoubted evidence that not only was the declaration of the prisoner false in every respect, but that it had no foundation in truth. There were, he said, in the history of all of us incidents which might easily be

made pegs on which to hang suspicious and scandalous charges. Lady St. Barnard in early life was unhappy at home, and like many another, she had left home for the sake of independence and peace. Even in those days the prisoner, who was a native of the city in which she was brought up, had annoyed and persecuted her, and in such a way as to excite the anger and jealousy of her grandfather, who was unjust to her in consequence, and this chiefly led to her sacrificing a home of plenty for the difficult chance of making a livelihood in London. In such a history as this it was easy to invent and imagine; mistakes of judgment could be magnified into something like social flaws in the hands of a wicked and designing person such as the defendant had shown himself to be. But the law had a clear sight and a calm judicial brain, and he was sure that Society would be fully avenged upon the prisoner. Rather than trouble the Court with a long preliminary address, he should, he thought, best consult the feelings of the Bench and the interest of his clients by developing the case practically and simply, by means of

the evidence. There were several libels, all of a most cruel and malicious character, and all of which had no foundation whatever in truth, and were an outrage on humanity. After detailing a number of documents, the learned counsel called—

The Hon. Thomas Semmingfield, of Fitzroy Square, who said he had known Lord and Lady St. Barnard for several years. He was present at their marriage. He had met Lady St. Barnard prior to her marriage. She was a visitor among well-known families in Belgravia. Last week he received a letter from the defendant enclosing a copy of the statutory declaration. It was, in his opinion, a malicious libel. He communicated with Lord St. Barnard, who told him that the defendant would be arrested on a charge of attempting to extort money by means of malicious and daring libels.

Mr. Cuffing : If the allegations set forth in this declaration are true, would Lady St. Barnard be a proper person to be presented at Court ?

Witness : If they were true, no.

Mr. Cuffing : I have no other question to ask.

The Magistrate : How do you know that you received this letter from the defendant ? Are you acquainted with his handwriting ?

Witness : No, your Worship.

Mr. Cuffing : We admit that the defendant wrote the letter.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Tamar said he had known Lord St. Barnard thirty years. He knew his lordship's first wife, a lady of distinguished merits, and he had known the present countess since her marriage. He had always found her to be a lady in every sense of the word. Had once met her in society prior to her marriage, but was not then introduced to her. He had received the statutory declaration by post. It was in his opinion a malicious libel.

In cross-examination Mr. Cuffing asked the noble witness, if the statutory declaration were true, would Lady St. Barnard be a proper person to be presented at Court ?

Witness : Certainly not ; but I am quite sure that the statements are as false as they are wicked and disgraceful. (Applause in court, which was immediately checked.)

Mr. Holland was about to call another

witness, when the magistrate said the case seemed likely to last some time, and as it began late in the day, and it was now six o'clock, he thought it would be necessary to adjourn the further hearing of it until the next day.

Mr. Holland agreed with his Worship's suggestion, but he should ask the Bench to demand substantial bail for the defendant's attendance.

Mr. Cuffing said the prisoner had, he thought, been improperly arrested, seeing that he was quite prepared to appear and substantiate his statements, and he was ready to enter into his own recognizances to attend there ; but it was necessary that he should have his liberty in order that he might get up his case, and he did not see that the Bench was in any way called upon to ask for bail.

The magistrate, however, said the prisoner must find two sureties in £500 each, and himself in £1000. The charge was a very serious one, and it seemed to him that the learned counsel's application as to substantial bail was a perfectly reasonable one.

Bail not being forthcoming, the defendant was removed to Newgate.

An editorial note upon the charge drew attention to the fact that the wildest imagination of the novelist had been outstripped recently in several cases that had come before the courts. Without for a moment offering an opinion upon the Barnard-Ransford libel case opened this day at Bow Street, the editor still pointed out that in this business we had either one of the foulest and most dastardly and cruel libels that could afflict social life, or we had a story of the most incredible deceit and immorality. It was with such materials as these, it seemed to the editor, that the successful novelist must deal: love, revenge, human passion in their highest and most daring flights. Why the novelist should sit down and draw drafts upon his own imagination when the doors of Bow Street were open to him daily, this editorial authority could not imagine. Moreover, the most successful novels, the stories most read, and whose lessons took the deepest hold of the human heart, were drawn from history proper, or from history as it pre-


sented itself at the police courts and the courts of law generally. Charles Dickens's "Oliver Twist," with the Fagin and Bill Sykes episode; Fielding's "Tom Jones," and the sponging-houses; Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and the crime of the clergyman; "Adam Bede," with the seduction of Hesther, and her trial for murder: these and many more works were cited as examples, not only of criminal history, furnishing the best materials for the novelist, but as an answer to certain namby-pamby critics, who denounced stories that dealt with those very social sins which formed the strength of our classic novels, past and present. The harm was when some weak writer drew upon his or her imagination, and mistook lubricity for the tender passion; when immorality was gilded over and made prosperous; when scenes of social depravity are dwelt upon with a sort of loving care; when vice is made attractive and virtue repulsive; when the Magdalene is made to look better and purer and holier than the true and divine Mary herself; then was society polluted by the novelist. But the

writer who had the power to mould the realities of life to his purpose, and deal manfully and fearlessly with history as it was recorded in the newspapers, could not fail to secure a following, and might snap his fingers at the snarls of weak critics who could not discriminate between love and lust, between pruriency and human passion.

Thus was the most extraordinary social drama of modern days inaugurated. It was more than a drama in the histrionic meaning—it was a tragedy, as the sequel will show.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

 HERE is a very large section of the public ready and willing to believe any evil thing against anybody.

Is it that we are all desperately wicked ourselves that we judge others so harshly?

The world takes a delight in the exposure of people's affairs. It likes to read divorce cases and social scandals; it is deeply interested in crime where a woman is concerned; it revels in a breach of promise trial, and grows ecstatic if the ordinary pleas are supplemented with a claim on the part of the parent for loss of services.

The honour of a respectable woman, a lady of position, is no sooner attacked, than all the world bends its head to see and

listen. What is worse, the world likes to believe the worst. "Be thou as pure as ice and chaste as snow thou shalt not escape calumny;" and calumny sticks like a bur. You may brush it away and think it is gone, but some of it is sure to remain. Mrs. Grundy may be convinced, but it is always against her will. She has a way of shaking her head over the fairest reputation.

Within twenty-four hours after Phil Ransford appeared at Bow Street, all England was talking about Lady Barnard; and while everybody said Ransford was a scoundrel, there was a general shaking of heads over the lady. Society wagged its empty noddle out of jealousy, and the ordinary people were similarly influenced. Lady St. Barnard was a beauty, and she had won a rich husband and a title; that was enough for society to hate her. She had been raised out of the ranks of the middle classes to a high place among the aristocracy, and that was quite sufficient surely to justify the dislike of the middle classes. If you would not have enemies, you must stand still: to advance is to offend all whom you pass on the way.

Dunelm knew the proud forward minx would appear in her true colours some day. What is bred in the bone must come out. It was a good thing old Waller died. What could be expected of a girl who could break her poor old grandfather's heart?

Dunelm had a special ground for dissatisfaction. The proud city had received the lady after her marriage; not only had it received her, but it had vouched for her respectability, for her well-conducted youth, for her almost saint-like virtues. Cleric and layman, rich and poor, all had vied in their homage to the countess who had spent her young life in their midst. The College and the Town Hall had even waxed warm together in their praises of Miss Waller. They congratulated the noble lord on his great good fortune in marrying a lady of such distinguished virtues; they had conducted him to the Hermitage, where his countess had lived as a girl, and gone generally mad over her. What, then, must be the feelings of this pious and virtuous city on reading the statutory declaration of Philip Ransford? Dunelm immediately

remembered a score of suspicious circumstances against my lady, which it came out into the streets to magnify and discuss aloud and unabashed.

Bow Street on the second day of the hearing of this famous case was crowded to suffocation. The sun, when it illuminated the windows of the dingy court, fell upon an eager and excited crowd. The small space allotted to the public was packed with men and women who panted with heat and curiosity. Every available seat and box about the table set apart for counsel and solicitors was occupied. Representatives of the press were everywhere. Two reporters were even provided with seats in the dock, which must have been rather a comfort to the prisoner, who was thus made a trifle less conspicuous than on the first day. Lord Bolsover and Lord Tamar had seats upon the Bench. Hugh Kalmat, the new poet, our Tom Mayfieldd, of the cathedral city, was packed hard and fast among the crowd in the body of the court. He had as yet presented none of his letters of introduction, and he had resolved not to announce his arrival to a

soul ; he could thus watch this extraordinary case unknown, and possibly make himself useful.

The Dean of Dunelm was the first witness called on the second day. He said he had known Lord and Lady St. Barnard for many years. He knew her ladyship as a girl when she resided at Dunelm with her mother's father, Mr. Luke Waller. He had every reason to believe that the late earl under whose protection Mary Waller had lived was her grandfather. His lordship's son, the Hon. Frank St. Barnard, eloped from London with a Miss Pitt, and married her, he believed, at Boulogne, and the issue of that union was the Miss Waller of Dunelm. He had always understood that the young lady was well conducted and in every way respectable, and from the knowledge of her ladyship before and since her marriage, he could only regard the charges brought against her as false and libellous.

Mr. Cuffing : Can you offer to the Court any proof of Miss Pitt's marriage with the Hon. Frank St. Barnard ?

The Dean : I am sorry to say I cannot.

Mr. Cuffing : Do you know if an effort has been made to establish this marriage by inquiries at Boulogne ?

The Dean : I do not of my own knowledge.

Mr. Cuffing : Do you know why Miss Waller ran away from her grandfather's house at Dunelm ?

The Dean : I heard that——

Mr. Holland, interrupting the witness : You need not say what you heard, Mr. Dean. Answer only as to what you know of your own knowledge.

Mr. Cuffing : Now, Mr. Dean, after this caution of my learned friend, be good enough to answer my question. Do you know why Miss Waller ran away from her home at Dunelm ?

The Dean : I do not.

Mr. Cuffing : Was not the fact of her levanting a subject of scandal in Dunelm ?

The Dean : It was talked of, no doubt.

Mr. Cuffing : Was it not a notorious scandal in the city ?

The Dean : No.

Mr. Cuffing : Was there not a paragraph about it in the local paper ?

The Dean : I did not see any mention of it by the press.

Mr. Cuffing : Did you know Mr. Tom Mayfield ?

The Dean : I did. He was a student at the University.

Mr. Cuffing : Did he not suddenly disappear on the same day as Miss Waller ?

The Dean : I believe he did.

Mr. Cuffing : And has he since returned to Dunelm ?

The Dean : I believe not.

Mr. Cuffing : Did you hear of a fight between Mr. Mayfield and Mr. Ransford on the night prior to Miss Waller's running away to London ?

The Dean : Yes.

Mr. Cuffing : It was the talk of the city ?

The Dean : I cannot say.

Mr. Cuffing : Perhaps your reverence does not know what they talk about in the city. Was it a subject of conversation in the College precincts ?

The Dean : It was.

Mr. Cuffing : Did you ever visit Lady

St. Barnard before her marriage at Gloucester Gate ?

The Dean : I did not.

Mr. Cuffing : Though you knew her at Dunelm, and sometimes called on her grandfather, and though you believed her to be the late Lord St. Barnard's granddaughter, you never visited her while she was living under his lordship's protection at Gloucester Gate ?

The Dean : That is so.

Mr. Cuffing : You were at College with the late Lord St. Barnard, I believe ?

The Dean : I was.

Mr. Cuffing : And knew him intimately ?

The Dean : Yes.

Mr. Cuffing : Were you in the habit of visiting him when he was part proprietor of the Delphos Theatre ?

The Dean : I did not know that he was interested in the Delphos Theatre.

Mr. Cuffing : Very well. One more question, Mr. Dean, and I have done. Did the late lord tell you that his son married Miss Pitt ?

The Dean : No ; but he always thought that I suspected there was a marriage.

Mr. Cuffing : How do you know he thought so ?

The Dean : By the manner in which he spoke of the affair, and by his anxiety about the welfare of the child. I sometimes think now that his lordship had the proofs.

Mr. Cuffing : Do I understand you, Mr. Dean, to insinuate that the late Lord St. Barnard, your College friend, for whom you entertain so deep a regard, and whose memory you respect now—do I understand you, sir, that you wish the Court to infer that his lordship destroyed those proofs, and left his grandchild to her own resources, and to remain under the blight of illegitimacy ?

The Dean : I leave the Court to its own inferences, sir. I believe the late lord knew she was his legitimate grandchild.

Mr. Cuffing : Did you ever say so to his lordship ?

The Dean : No.

Mr. Cuffing : Nor to Mr. Waller or her ladyship ?

The Dean : I said so yesterday to her ladyship.

Mr. Cuffing : For the first time yesterday ?

The Dean : Yes.

Lord St. Barnard, who had been accommodated with a seat on the Bench, now stepped down and took up his position in the witness box just vacated by the white-headed Dean, who returned to his place near the magistrate.

There was a murmur of satisfied curiosity when the noble lord was sworn. The poet of the desert and the mountain fixed his great eloquent eyes upon his lordship and examined him closely, and seemed satisfied with the scrutiny, as well he might, if no jealous feelings interfered with his judgment. The earl had a truly noble and manly presence, a striking contrast to the hulking crime-seared look of the prisoner at the bar, who, on the application of his solicitor, had been allowed a seat, and who looked every now and then half ashamed of his position. Tom Mayfield could only see the prisoner's side face, but this was quite enough to excite all the old animosity. His wild life among wild men was not calculated to make him a patient spectator in a court of justice ; but his deep interest in the case, the tremendous

issues raised, so far as the happiness and the reputation of his old love were concerned, kept him quiet among the throng.

Lord St. Barnard, examined by Mr. Holland, after describing his titles, &c., said he first met Miss Waller at a reception given by the wife of the Prime Minister. He was introduced to her by Lady Stavely. He felt a sudden interest in Miss Waller, and during the evening made inquiries about her. Lady Stavely informed him——

Mr. Cuffing rose on a point of order. Would Lady Stavely be called ?

Mr. Holland : She will, and you will have an opportunity of cross-examining her ladyship.

Lord St. Barnard continued : Lady Stavely informed me that Miss Waller was a lady from Dunelm, where her grandfather, an eccentric gentleman, had been the organist of St. Bride's. Miss Waller, she told me, was received in the best society, and I afterwards met her frequently at Lady Stavely's house, at Lady Bolsover's, and at some of the most distin-

guished receptions. When I had known her three months I proposed for her, and was rejected. Miss Waller's reason for refusing me was that she did not think it wise for a lady to marry so far above her position; and on a second occasion she supplemented this reason with another: that her girlhood had been unhappy, and that in consequence of this she had run away from home, and had endeavoured to obtain a livelihood on the stage, and this explanation led to her giving me her entire history. The whole of the circumstances struck me as strangely romantic, and made a deep impression upon me, the more so that she cleared up what had been to me a mystery. When I succeeded the late earl, I found the Dunelm estate settled in the names of trustees for the benefit of a Miss Pitt, in whose welfare, since she was an infant, the earl had taken a deep interest. The trust set forth that he had known her grandfather well, and had a great esteem for him, and that he had always promised to take care of the child and provide for her, which promise he had liberally fulfilled. The revenue of the

Dunelm estate had been regularly paid by the trustees, and I was enjoined by the late earl, in a special letter left to be opened at his death, not to make any inquiries into the matter, but to rest content with the position as I found it. This I scrupulously observed. When, however, Miss Waller told me that her income involved a curious mystery, which might lead to unpleasant revelations as to her family and origin, and that she was the daughter of an actress named Pitt, I felt that I should be committing no impropriety, and be in no way outraging the late earl's confidence, if I asked one or two simple questions. I accordingly found from the trustees and Miss Waller that she was the lady who received the Dunelm money; that her grandfather and my late uncle were on intimate terms of friendship; that the late earl had made this lady his protégée from her birth; and on consulting the Dean of Dunelm I was convinced that there was no impropriety in any way as to my proposed marriage. I therefore renewed my suit and was accepted. This was about two years after the late earl's death. My wife

has since told me that she believes the late earl was her legitimate grandfather. His son, the late Hon. Frank St. Barnard, was the gentlemen who eloped with her mother, and she believes they were married at Boulogne. We have not given up the hope of being enabled fully to establish this marriage, which the late earl did not, we think, desire to acknowledge for family reasons. We were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, in the presence of numerous witnesses, and we spent the honeymoon in Italy. We returned to Grassnook, and among the cards left there was one of the prisoner's, whom we afterwards met at the Botanical Gardens. Lady St. Barnard introduced him, and he congratulated us upon our marriage, spoke of the late earl and also of the Dean of Dunelm as his friends, referred to his College career at Oxford, and appeared to be a gentleman. I have lived and still live happily with Lady St. Barnard; we have two children; her ladyship has in every way proved a most estimable lady, a true wife, an affectionate mother. I saw nothing of the prisoner from the day I met

him in the Botanical Gardens until about a year ago, when her ladyship drew my attention to him in the park, and once since, when he called to see her ladyship on some Dunelm business, and remained to luncheon. I was then staying with my wife for a short time at the Westminster Palace Hotel. The prisoner called two days after the luncheon and asked to see me. He demanded a hundred pounds from me for some account which I did not understand, and on my refusing to pay it, said he would expose my wife, who had misconducted herself before her marriage. I took him by the collar, kicked him into the passage—(applause in court)—and threatened to have him locked up. He went away quietly and no scandal arose, there being no waiters about at the time. Last week I received the statutory declaration which has been read, and an intimation from the Lord Chamberlain that Lady St. Barnard must not appear again at Court until the matter is cleared up. I at once communicated with the police, and gave instructions for the arrest and prosecution of the defendant. I solemnly on

my oath say that his statements are false and malicious.

The Magistrate : Do I understand you to say that you knew nothing of Miss Julia Pitt until you found that Miss Waller was, in fact, one and the same person ?

Prosecutor : Yes.

Cross-examined by Mr. Cuffing : Before renewing my third offer of marriage I did think Miss Waller's statements worthy of some inquiries. She did not tell me at that time that Philip Ransford climbed into the summer house in her grandfather's garden and remained with her for some time, while her grandfather was dining with the Dean, and that her grandfather dragged her into the house and called her opprobrious names. She has since told me this, and that the injustice of her grandfather's treatment on that and another occasion caused her to leave home. The other reason was the suspicion that she intended to elope with the defendant, who most unjustifiably sent her by letter a proposition of this kind, presuming upon the unhappy life she led with her grandfather.

Mr. Holland ventured to suggest that this line of cross-examination was not in order. He should call Lady St. Barnard herself, and Mr. Cuffing could get the information he sought direct.

The magistrate said it was more a question of good taste, he thought, than legal custom.

Mr. Cuffing said he had nothing to do with taste, good or bad : he had simply a duty to perform in the interest of his client, and he should beg to be allowed to conduct his case in his own way.

Cross-examination continued : Lady St. Barnard did not mention to me at the time the defendant's application for money. I suppose she did not wish to give me pain or annoyance. She had her own banking account, and was in the habit of seeing her own solicitor. There was nothing strange in that. She was very liberal in her gifts, had endowed several schools, and had occasion to take legal advice on these and other matters. It was four years after my marriage when the defendant called on me at the Westminster Palace Hotel. I did not give him into custody because I did

not think it worth while. I soiled my fingers and boot by putting him out of the room because I was very angry. I did not give him into custody probably on account of my desire not to create a scandal. I did not mention the circumstance to my wife, who was out at the time. I did not visit Lady St. Barnard at her house at Gloucester Gate regularly before our marriage. I called there perhaps twice.

Mr. Cuffing : Did you stay all night ?

Prosecutor (addressing the Bench) : I appeal to your Worship for protection against this insult.

Mr. Holland rose indignantly.

The Magistrate : I regret that I cannot interfere. The law gives to counsel and attorneys great privileges. The Bench can only express its regret that those privileges are sometimes abused.

Mr. Cuffing (addressing Lord St. Barnard) : Did you stay all night ?

Prosecutor : I did not.

Re-examined by Mr. Holland : Miss Waller had a comfortable establishment at Gloucester Gate, so far as I could see ;

housekeeper and male and female servants. There were visitors in the house on both occasions when I was there, and Lady Stavely, Lady Bolsover, and their lordships, Lord Stavely and Lord Bolsover, were frequent visitors. Miss Waller's position in society was exceptionally high, her personal attractions, her amiability, her benevolence, and her accomplishments making her peculiarly acceptable. Since our marriage she has maintained the dignity of her position with a special grace, and no lady could be more shamefully maligned than is Lady St. Barnard by that scoundrel and his confederate. (Applause.)

Lord St. Barnard for a moment lost his temper.

Mr. Cuffing rose indignantly and demanded that the prosecutor should withdraw the offensive remark with reference to himself.


His lordship declined to withdraw anything, and there was a burst of applause in court, not because the spectators hoped Lady St. Barnard would come off victoriously, but simply that they admired his lord-

ship's pluck, and acted upon their British impulse, which is to sympathize with courage in any shape.

The Bench thought this a good opportunity for adjournment, and said so, whereupon Mr. Cuffing, not thinking it worth while to interfere with Lord St. Barnard any further just then, applied that the adjournment should be for a week. This, he said, was necessary to enable his client to communicate with his witnesses. Mr. Holland did not oppose the application, and the prisoner being still unable to find bail, he was removed in custody and the Court broke up.

CHAPTER VII.

DURING THE ADJOURNMENT.

HE bust was set up again, and the old worshipper stood before it.

Only the scene was changed but with this change the surrounding circumstances were also altered. The bust of Clytie no longer represented to Tom Mayfield the fair girl in whom all his hopes were centred, though it was still the deity of his love; it symbolized his early life, his first dreams of happiness, his ideal world; it also represented to him ruined hopes, the hollowness of life, the mockery of happiness, the promise of revenge. Even now he could not look upon it calmly. It stirred his blood. It conjured up that simple city of the North with its

vision of beauty. It awakened the echoes of the Bailey. It brought back sounds of music from the old organ loft of St. Bride's. It reanimated a dead, faded-out dream, and for the moment bathed the poet's fancy in a cloud of sunshine ; but only to invite the cloud and the storm of falsified hopes, of despair and misery, with Philip Ransford as the evil genius of the darkness.

He had set it up, the well-known bust ; set it up on the mantel-shelf of a little room looking on the courtyard of the old-fashioned hotel at Boulogne, whither he had gone the moment the Barnard-Ransford case was adjourned. He had resolved to seek for those proofs of the marriage of Clytie's mother which seemed to be a matter of so much moment to her. He had loved her once with all his heart and soul ; ay, and he loved her now for that matter. Nothing could alter that early dream. He loved her now not as Lady St. Barnard. He only knew her as Clytie, as the belle of the cathedral city, and he would go on loving that vision of her till the day of his death. Similarly he hated Philip Ransford, and he would go on

hating him, though his hate was now intensified by the full realization of his early fears concerning Ransford's true intentions with regard to Clytie.

"If I had the scoundrel out in California," he said, addressing the figure, "I should shoot him like a dog, Clytie."

The trees in the old courtyard whispered in the summer breeze. Tom sat cross-legged on a chair and smoked. He was the beau-ideal of a poet in personal appearance. The brown velvet coat, the low collar, the ample neck, the long white and brown hair, the gray beard, the broad open brow, the clear bright eye, the bronzed cheeks, the long deep gaze that seemed to look into the future.

"Oh, Clytie, if you only knew the suffering you have caused me! I once thought I had wiped you out of my memory. I scored out your likeness from my heart, I thought; but I only lacerated the spot; your soft eyes and pouting lips were there when next I examined myself. Who can obliterate the past? Does it not rise up before us, even the past before we were born, and claim relationship with us,

and boldly ask for our sympathy and our tears? Thy mother, Clytie! Yonder villain strikes at thee, and lo! the ghost of thy mother rises up in court and demands satisfaction. And Fate, who knew what was coming, takes me by the hand in those far off wastes beyond civilization, and says, 'Come, come, Kalmat, they want thee in Europe.' "

The bust stood there as if solemnly listening to the speaker, and the trees went on seemingly whispering concerning his mission.

"Art thou really the true Clytie?" he continued, presently changing his tone and manner. "Art thou the sweet, innocent, true, loving Clytie, pure and noble and gentle? Or art thou indeed that other Clytie, and is this hell-hound of Dunelm the Amyntor of Argos, who would put out thine eyes as he did those of his son Phoenix; nay, who would lower thee to the gutter and the stews? No, I will believe nothing ill of thee. Thou shalt be the sun-flower of my love. Have I not wasted a life upon thee, and shall I not even have thee as an ideal? Is it not enough that he

robbed thee from me in the days of my youth, that he should now destroy even the poetry of memory, cast down the altar at which Imagination bends the knee? Oh, Clytie, if thou could'st have loved me, that had been our true destiny!"

The poet was interrupted by a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of a priest.

"Ah, you have come," exclaimed Tom.

"Welcome! Have you good news?"

"Not very good," said the priest.

"Any trace of the marriage?"

"Trace, yes; certainly I may say that."

"Good," said Tom, laying down his pipe.

"Good. May I order some coffee for you, my father?"

"Thank you," said the priest.

"It shall be a grand day for your Hospital of Mary, my father, if you can clear up this business for me," said the poet.

"I shall leave no stone unturned. The officiating priest of that period would be Father Lemare, of the Society of Jesus. I have ascertained that he is still living."

"Ah, that is good news, my father: that

is indeed good news," said Tom. "Do you smoke?"

"A cigarette," said the priest.

The waiter brought cigarettes with the coffee, and the priest settled himself in an arm-chair for a comfortable chat.

"I always find conversation goes much smoother between the whiffs of a pipe," said the poet.

"You have had great experience, no doubt," said the priest. "You have travelled much."

"I have, indeed," replied the poet. "If you are the means of giving me satisfactory evidence of the marriage of this English milord and Miss Pitt, I shall endow the Hospital of Mary with twenty-five thousand francs a year."

"And yet milord is a Protestant," said the priest.

"Milord is not milord at all, only plain Mister, a wanderer on the face of the earth, and his religion is a very simple business, my father; but he has money, gold that he has dug out of the mountain side, washed out of the river; and he can spare a thousand a year. In earnest, my father, there

is a small packet for charity ; deal with it at you please."

The poet handed his guest a hundred sovereigns.

"It shall be well disposed of," said the priest.

"I am sure it will be," replied Tom, sipping his coffee. "Miss Pitt died here. Have you found the register of her death?"

"I have."

"Good ; and the place of her burial?"

"I think so."

"Is there a stone, or record of any kind over the grave?"

"None, but the spot is indicated in the registrar's books."

"Will you show me the spot to-day?"

"Certainly."

"Can you accompany me to Paris this evening?"

"In the interest of the Hospital of Mary and the service of the Church, yes."

"We can easily find the Rev. Father Lemare?"

"I hope so."

"Good. Will you do me the favour of calling for me here in an hour?"

"With pleasure," said the priest, and the two men parted with mutual adieus for the present.

Tom Mayfield turned to the bust once more.

"I shall establish that marriage, Clytie, and your other self, Lady St. Barnard, will never know who has rendered her the service. I shall do more than that, Clytie—much more. It is something to come home and find occupation."

While the poet of the golden gates of the sunny west is talking to the image of Apollo's rejected love, we will turn our eyes and ears upon Grassnook.

The hay has been stacked. The green meadows run down to the reeds of the river, and seem to meet the deep-hued reflection of the woods on the other side. The smoke from the fine old house of Grassnook goes up to the blue sky in long ethereal columns. A tiny yacht floats lazily on the bosom of the river. The scene is so quiet and peaceful that its very loveliness almost gives you a heart-ache,

for you find yourself contrasting it with the lives of people you know, with your own turbulent days maybe, and feeling that here in Nature herself is a peace that passeth all understanding.

Of what is Lady St. Barnard thinking ? A few days have wrought a remarkable change in her. Nothing could obliterate her beauty, not even death. But she is pale and careworn, and there is a settled expression of despair in her eyes. She is walking hand in hand with her two children upon the lawn that leads to the river. The sensation of the surrounding peace and quiet, once so sweet and dreamy, frets her spirit, and yet she will not leave it. Her husband is in London preparing for the renewal of that terrible fight, working with his detective at the evidence. She has given him facts and dates to go upon in connection with the Delphos Theatre and her lodgings north of Regent's Park. Mrs. Breeze and her husband are in town. They are charged with the mission of finding the policeman who took the lovely girl to the park keeper. My lord is in persistent earnest ; my lady seems to have settled

down into a disposition of melancholy and despair. Her courage has failed her. She can only walk, and think, and weep, and wonder what the end will be. The statutory declaration in its savage details has cast her down, and she sees no hope in a trial where the law permits a man to ask her noble husband if he remained all night at Gloucester Gate.

"Mamma, why are you so sad?" asks the elder of the two children.

"I cannot tell you, my darling," says the mother, stopping to take him into her arms and kiss him.

"Do tell us, mamma, dear," lisps the youngest, a little girl with a fair clear skin, like her mother's, and deep violet eyes.

The mother's only reply is to fold the two children in her arms and kiss them. Presently they walk again, and addressing the boy she says, "Wicked men have said cruel things of mamma, and that makes her sad."

"But my tutor says, 'Do what is right, and do not mind what anybody says,' mamma," the boy replies, looking up into the pale, sad face.

"Yes, my love, that is good advice, but sometimes right looks so much like wrong that the world in a great bitter chorus says it is wrong, and then your heart nearly breaks, not for yourself, but on account of those you love and honour," says the mother.

The boy seems to be wondering at this for a time. He is searching his little mind for a loving argument out of the elementary ethics which a good teacher was sowing there.

"Time takes care of the truth, mamma, dear, and when your conscience is clear there is no real cause for grief," he says at last.

"That is so, my darling ; keep it green in your memory ; time is my best friend. In the future, when they talk of this time when I was so sad, try and think how you and I and your dear little sister Mary walked and talked on this peaceful afternoon. Will you, my Edward ?"

"I will never forget it, mother, dear."

"Remember that I said my conscience is clear, and that God in His goodness would some day clear me. Remember

that I said I had been indiscreet; that I was vain and foolish."

"No, no, dear mamma," broke out the boy.

"I mean, dear, when I was a girl; I had no kind tutor to teach me ethics; no dear mamma as you have to guide and take care of me; and I was young, and brave, and defiant; I did not know, my darling, that girls and women cannot fight the world as men can; I did not know that it was wrong to strive for independence, dear; I did not know that the majority of men are knaves and cowards, dear; and so I was indiscreet; and because your dear papa took me and loved me, and made me his happy wife, and because God gave you and little Mary to me, and because I was very, very happy, wicked men said to themselves, 'Cast her down,' and then they published abroad cruel falsehoods, and asked our gracious Queen never to allow me to go to Court any more. Will you try and remember this, dear, when you are a man?"

"And Mary, too," lisped the little child.

Then the mother must stop again and

fold them in her arms, and this time she weeps over them bitterly, and sobs as if her heart would break.

"There, darlings, don't mind me," she says, when the paroxysm is over. "It is unkind to make you unhappy; I am better now. We will try and be merry. But you will never forget how much I love you, will you, darlings?"

"No, dear mamma," they both say eagerly.

"And if I should be separated from you, you will always——"

Then the children begin to cry, and there is more embracing, and an assurance that mamma does not mean separation quite, and that if she does it might only be for a very short time; and then she smiles, and takes both their hands, and runs towards the river with them, and says Thomas shall take them for a row.


All the mother's instinct and self-denial came to the woman's aid when she saw that she had made her children unhappy. She brushed the tears from her eyes, went to the house, sent for Thomas who had charge of the boats, bade him get the shal-

lop ready, and just as they were getting into the boat my lord returned from town. He was in time to join them, and did so ; and the boat with its red and white awning, and its gilded prow, glided gently down the stream, giving to the green landscape all the colour required to make the picture perfect.

While the boat is slipping away into the sunny mist of trees and rushes, and the calm plash of the oars is beating sadly out of tune with two anxious hearts on board, Tom Mayfield is standing by an unrecorded grave, and listening to the sad soughing lullaby of the ocean as it ebbs and flows and pants and sighs on the beach at Boulogne.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLYTIE IN COURT.

HE announcement in the Sunday papers, that on the following day Lady St. Barnard herself would appear in the witness-box, brought a special crowd to Bow Street. The magistrate and the police were harassed almost beyond endurance by applications for seats. At ten o'clock, when the Court opened, Lord and Lady Bolsover were accommodated with chairs. Lord Tamar and the Dean of Dunelm sat on the Bench. The counsel table was packed with solicitors and gentlemen of the Bar. Never was the Press more numerous represented. The reporters' box, in which usually sat a well-known stenographer and his son, engaged upon the leading journal, was packed

with interlopers. A popular actor had secured the corner seat. He professed to be making furious notes, but he was drawing caricature sketches of the worthy magistrate.

Twelve o'clock was fixed for the adjourned hearing of the Barnard-Ransford case ; thus allowing two hours for the general business of the Court—a period which was thoroughly occupied. The magistrate was unusually sententious this morning. Brevity was regarded as the soul of evidence. "You are wasting the time of the Court" was looked upon as a severe rebuke. More than one prisoner suffered for it in his sentence. "Get on, get on, Mr. Solicitor," were familiar words during those two hours. The "drunk and disorderly cases" seemed quite proud of the distinction of a large and fashionable audience. The business of the Court was conducted at a pace that gave to the audience a series of dramatic surprises ; but nothing toned down their anxiety for the commencement of the great event of the day.

As the hour of twelve approached, Mr. Holland, accompanied by his clerk,

entered the Court, bowed to the Bench, and commenced to sort his papers. Presently Mr. Cuffing appeared, dragging along a blue bag, which he deposited with an air of triumph upon the table, looking round at the Court with a cunning, defiant, cruel gaze. He pursed up his mouth, opened his bag, and produced his brief just as a little commotion behind the magistrate's chair introduced Lord and Lady St. Barnard. All eyes were at once fixed upon her ladyship, who gazed calmly at the crowd and took her seat. She was dressed in gray silk, with white linen collar and cuffs. There were wild roses in her small gray bonnet. She was very pale. Her rich brown hair was bound close to her head. My lord was in a plain morning dress. They had no sooner taken their seats than Phil Ransford was brought in and placed at the bar, and in a few minutes afterwards Lady St. Barnard was conducted to the witness-box by her husband, who sat near her in a chair provided by the Court.

On being sworn, the lady was examined by Mr. Holland.

She said : My name is Mary, Countess of St. Barnard. My maiden name was Mary Waller.

Mr. Cuffin : Before her ladyship proceeds further, I must request that all the witnesses in this case leave the Court.

The Magistrate : All witnesses had better retire at once.

This order created a good deal of commotion. Mrs. and Mr. Breeze, Mr. Wyldenberg, two persons from Dunelm, the dramatic agent who introduced Clytie at the Delphos Theatre, one of the ladies who had luncheon on that unhappy day when Phil Ransford met the Dunelm belle in the manager's room, and several other witnesses for and against the prosecution left the Court.

Lady St. Barnard thereupon resumed her evidence under the examination of her counsel, Mr. Holland. I married Lord St. Barnard at St. George's Chapel, Hanover Square, in the presence of relatives and friends. The Hon. Letitia Bolsover, the Hon. Miss Howard, Lady Flora Dorcas, and Miss De Willoughbye were my bridesmaids. The Dean of Dunelm gave me

away. The wedding breakfast was given at my own house, Gloucester Gate. My father, to the best of my belief, was the Hon. Frank St. Barnard. My husband belongs to a different branch of the Barnard family altogether ; he was Mr. Christopher George Welsford prior to his succeeding to the title and estates of St. Barnard, the late lord, my grandfather, being a sort of fifth cousin to my husband. My grandfather on my mother's side was Mr. Luke Waller, of Dunelm. He was by profession a musician, and held the position of organist of St. Bride's, Dunelm, as long as I can remember. I was brought up and educated by my grandfather Waller. I went to a day-school at Dunelm, and had also tutors at home. I took lessons in French from a professor of Dunelm University. My grandfather taught me music. I left school when I was about fifteen, but continued to receive instruction at home. We lived in a house called the Hermitage, in the Bailey, at Dunelm.

Mr. Holland : Do you remember the first time you met the prisoner at the bar ?
—I think I do.

Mr. Holland : Will your ladyship tell the Bench in your own way how you were first introduced to him ?

Lady St. Barnard : I met him one Sunday after church when I was walking in the Banks with my grandfather Waller. He stayed to speak to my grandfather, and he moved to me. My grandfather did not introduce him to me. A week afterwards I met the prisoner as I was returning from morning service at the Cathedral. He stopped me to ask some question about my grandfather. I think he said he wished to see Mr. Waller on important business. I said my grandfather was at home, and the prisoner turned round and walked by my side to the Hermitage. I was about seventeen then, and the prisoner was a man ; I should think he was thirty at least. He was regarded as a gentleman of position in Dunelm, and was understood to be living most of his time in London. His father was the principal manufacturer on the Wear, near Dunelm, and rented what was known as the Dunelm Estate, a very fine residence on the hill, overlooking the city. After the prisoner had thus intro-

duced himself to me, he took off his hat when he met me, and I returned his bow. This led to his speaking to me occasionally, and once I met him at a ball in the College Yard, and he saw me home. My grandfather heard of this, and spoke to me about it. He said he did not like Mr. Ransford; that his character was not all that could be wished in a gentleman; that he had ruined the reputation of a respectable girl only the previous year. My grandfather Waller did not forbid me to speak to Mr. Ransford at that time. A few months after my first introduction to the prisoner he called at the Hermitage with a present of fish, and my grandfather Waller invited him to stay and have supper. Soon afterwards he wrote to me; the man who blew the organ for my grandfather Waller at St. Bride's gave me the letter.

Mr. Cuffing: I venture to ask if the letters will be put in.

Mr. Holland: Has your ladyship the letter?—No.

Mr. Holland: Have you any letters of the defendant?—No; I destroyed them.

Mr. Cuffing : Then I object to the evidence as to letters.

The Magistrate: An examination of this kind before a magistrate hardly comes within the jurisdiction of strict legal considerations as to what may or may not be given in evidence. And the case before me is so special and peculiar in its character and details, that I think it best that Lady St. Barnard should be allowed a certain margin in telling her story. I would therefore suggest, Mr. Cuffing, that you waive your objection as to the letters. You can make it when the case, if it should do so, goes before a higher tribunal.

Mr. Cuffing : I bow to your worship's superior judgment.

Lady St. Barnard continued her evidence : The letter contained expressions of admiration which flattered me. I did not reply, but I told Mr. Ransford when next he spoke to me, that he must not write to me ; that my grandfather would be very angry. Shortly afterwards, when I was leaving church with my grandfather Waller, his messenger slipped a packet into my hand. When I got home I found

that it contained another letter and a very handsome necklet of pearls and diamonds. About this time my grandfather Waller introduced me to a Mr. Tom Mayfield, who was a student at the Dunelm University, and Mr. Mayfield paid me marked attention. My grandfather Waller spoke to me very seriously one day about this gentleman and Mr. Ransford. He forbade me to speak to Mr. Ransford, and said if I desired the attentions of any gentleman, Mr. Tom Mayfield was an honourable and upright young man, in whom he had confidence, and for whom he had a sincere regard. ["God bless him!" said Kalmat, the poet, almost aloud.] Mr. Mayfield was a frequent visitor. He did not inspire me with any special sentiment that I remember, any more than Mr. Ransford. I was young, and I suppose the attentions of these gentlemen flattered me, the more so as it was understood that almost any girl in Dunelm would have been proud of an offer of marriage from either gentleman. I regarded Mr. Mayfield as a friend, and in that character liked him much. [Kalmat thought of leaving the court, but he was

fascinated by the calm, lovely face of the woman who was thus confessing herself before the world.] Mr. Ransford frequently wrote letters to me, in which he said I was too good and too pretty for Dunelm ; that it was a shame that I should remain in so dull a place ; he regretted that even if I would have him he could not then marry me for family reasons ; but he drew a gay picture of London, and offered to take me there. I was very angry at this, and replied to him by letter expressing my feelings strongly, and begging him to take back the necklet he had given me. Finding that it was valuable, I did not think I ought to keep it. One evening, when my grandfather Waller was dining with the Dean of Dunelm, I was in the summer-house in our garden overlooking the river. I thought I saw Mr. Mayfield on the other side of the river, and in a girlish freak I waved my hand to him. Presently I saw that he responded, and was coming towards the garden. Then I discovered that it was not Mr. Mayfield, and I ran into the house. It was summer time—June, I think. I remained in the house a

short time, and then returned to the summer-house, where I found Mr. Ransford. He had scaled the wall. The summer-house could be seen from the house, and also from the adjacent gardens, and it was daylight. Mr. Ransford begged me on his knees to stay with him a few moments. He apologized for having insulted me in his letter, and vowed he loved me better than all the world. He frightened me by his vehemence, and I was just going to leave him when my grandfather Waller appeared, and suddenly taking me by the arm, he half led and half dragged me into the house. He was very angry, and used harsh language. The servant, I think, had gone to the Dean's and informed him of Mr. Ransford being in the summer-house. This incident caused my grandfather Waller to be very severe with me. He loved me, I believe, very dearly, and was consequently intensely jealous of me. He would not allow me to explain; he would not see that Mr. Ransford's visit was accidental, and he exercised a most galling surveillance over me, which made me very unhappy, and set me thinking of

going away and trying to earn my own livelihood.

Mr. Holland: Did your grandfather Waller ever speak of your parentage?

Lady St. Barnard: Frequently. He told me that some day my other grandfather might acknowledge me, and then I should be a lady of title. This, he said, depended on my good conduct.

Mr. Cuffing: Is Mr. Waller to be called?

Mr. Holland: Mr. Waller, sir, is dead.

A tear coursed slowly down Lady St. Barnard's cheek at this mention of her grandfather; but she continued her evidence, Kalmat feeling as if he would like to slay Cuffing, the lawyer, upon the spot. My grandfather Waller told me I was like my mother, and he feared that I might have an inclination for a professional life. He told me of my mother's elopement and his search for her, and of her death at Boulogne, and of his bringing me, an infant, home to London. He said my father was a nobleman, and that some day, if I were a good girl, my other grandfather, who was a great friend of the Dean's, would acknowledge me and make me a lady. It made

me unhappy to see my grandfather miserable, and I begged him to give me back my old liberty, promising that I would never deceive him; I told him that I really did not care for Mr. Ransford, and that I would never speak to him again if he wished me not to speak to him. My grandfather kissed me and trusted me again, and in order that I might be free altogether in my conscience, I took Mr. Ransford's present out when I went for a walk and flung it into the river. (Applause.)

Mr. Holland : Was it on this very day that Mr. Mayfield proposed for your hand? —It was. I met him outside the Dunelm meadows. I was gathering wild-flowers. He made a formal proposition for my hand, which startled me very much, because he was so earnest. I never until then had felt that flirtation was a serious matter. I consider I was quite a girl, and I was utterly inexperienced. It made me cry afterwards to think that I had caused Mr. Mayfield pain. I told him that I did not love him, and it was true; I did not love anybody; I did not know what love

was. [Kalmat sighed deeply, and the picture of that summer day and the lovely girl among the flowers rose before him and mocked him.] I had more respect for Mr. Mayfield than for Mr. Ransford. I am sure he was a good and honourable man.

Mr. Cuffing : As a matter of information more than as a matter of form, I wish to know if Mr. Mayfield is to be called.

Mr. Holland : We have no knowledge of Mr. Mayfield's existence. If he is alive we know nothing of his whereabouts.

[Kalmat smiled sarcastically, and stroked his gray grizzly beard.]

Lady St. Barnard continued : When I returned home, I found my grandfather Waller in a furious passion. He had seen me throw something into the river, and he had obtained assistance and recovered the jewels, which he flung at my feet. I told him the truth about them, but he seemed to have lost his reason, and behaved terribly. He frightened me. I feared for a moment that he would kill me. His anger was altogether unreasonable ; but no doubt it arose out of his love for me, he was so anxious about my welfare. He did not

understand me. If I had had a mother at this time, she would have known how to estimate such an incident. When I went to bed that night I began to revolve in my mind the idea of running away. I felt that life was a burthen to me. I had no doubt that Mr. Ransford would continue to persecute me. Moreover, Mr. Mayfield had begged me to reconsider my refusal of him, and I think, to pacify him, I had half consented. Then the woman-servant whom my grandfather had engaged was a spy upon my actions, and my grandfather was so strange in his manner towards me, that I began to feel that I should only be safe in flight. I was very, very unhappy.

The poor lady broke down at this point, and gave way to a flood of tears. There was a dead sympathetic silence in Court. Several women were crying. Kalmat stroked his beard, and felt now that he understood more of the character of that Dunelm beauty than he had ever known. But just as he was melting, he remembered that letter of Phil Ransford's and the jar of flowers put outside the window as the signal of consent, and then he doubted,

though he did not cease to sympathize and to love.

Mr. Holland : Do not agitate yourself, Lady St. Barnard. I am sure the Court is deeply grieved that you should be called upon to refer to these matters.

Mr. Cuffing half rose to object to this remark, but thought better of it, and sat down again.

The prisoner at the bar preserved a defiant demeanour. He was angry at being kept in gaol, and there was a taste of revenge in Lady St. Barnard's tears.

Lord St. Barnard handed his wife a glass of water, and pressed her hand.

In a few moments her ladyship was ready to go on with her story.

Mr. Holland : Was it at this time that you received from Mr. Ransford a long letter full of sympathy for your position, and offering to conduct you to London, where he said he had great theatrical influence ?

Lady St. Barnard : It was. He intimated that he knew how unhappy I was ; he professed the deepest love and respect, and offered to take me to London and

marry me there. He urged me in what seemed to be very sincere language, dwelt upon his wealth, and assured me that when we were married my grandfather would forgive me. He said he would have a carriage ready and in waiting that night, and we could catch the mail train to town, where he would engage rooms for me, where I could remain by myself until the preparations for our marriage were complete. If I accepted his offer, I was to put out a jar of flowers on the window-sill. I read his letter in my bed-room, and I knelt down and prayed to God to have me in His keeping, and to preserve me from the persecutions of this man. There was something insidious in the language of his letter which impressed me, girl as I was. I suppose it was instinct. I never for a moment dreamed of accepting his offer. The thought of my position, the thought of my grandfather's unkindness exposing me to such an attack, made me ill. I retired earlier than usual that night, and I felt happier than I had felt for some time, because my grandfather seemed to soften towards me when he found I was not well.

Soon after I had said good-night to my grandfather Waller, and he had kissed me with something like the old affection, there was a great commotion and knocking at the door, and a cry of "Murder." I ran out upon the landing to see. The street door was suddenly opened by my grandfather, and I heard the voices of Mr. Mayfield and Mr. Ransford in angry altercation, and heard blows being struck. I ran down. My grandfather shut the street door, and led Mr. Ransford into the dining-room. He was faint and bleeding, and Mr. Mayfield in angry terms was telling my grandfather that he had prevented an elopement and saved the honour of his child. [Mr. Cuffing smiled at this, and took furious notes.] Mr. Ransford opened his eyes and said he was all right, and commenced to apologize. Mr. Mayfield said he was a black-hearted scoundrel, and my grandfather cursed me and ordered me to bed. I retired to my room, and presently I heard the door shut and Mr. Ransford leave. Mr. Mayfield remained with my grandfather some time, and when he left I put out my light, fastened my door, and pre-

tended to be asleep, for I could not endure any more of my grandfather's most unmerited abuse.

Mr. Holland : Let me ask you here, Lady St. Barnard, if you gave the signal asked for in Mr. Ransford's letter.

Lady St. Barnard : No, sir. [Kalamat groaned.]

Mr. Holland : Did you by word or act in any way accept Mr. Ransford's proposition ?

Lady St. Barnard : Neither by word nor act.

[Kalamat was sorely exercised in mind at this ; for he had seen the signal given.]

Would Fate lay the newspapers next day containing this evidence before the woman in Bedford Street who closed the eyes of poor old Waller ? And, if so, would she have sense enough to understand it, and volunteer her evidence ?

The Magistrate : I think this would be a good point for adjournment. It is clear her ladyship's evidence will last some time.

Mr. Holland : One more question, your Worship. Although it is hardly the proper time to ask it, I am anxious that not

another report shall go to the world without her ladyship giving her emphatic denial of this most shameful and cruel libel. We shall go further into this matter to-morrow, your ladyship. Meanwhile, painful as it is to put such a question, I will ask your ladyship if at any time you have been guilty of any improper intimacy with the defendant?

Lady St. Barnard : No.

There was something so dignified and pure, and yet so scornful and indignant, in her ladyship's manner as she uttered this expressive monosyllable, that it took hold of the Court with a strong sympathetic grip, and drew from it a loud burst of applause. The magistrate and the officers endeavoured to check this demonstration of feeling, but without avail; and Mr. Cuffing was hustled as he left the Court. He returned, however, to demand the protection of the police, and in time for the magistrate to utter some few emphatic words of warning to the remnant of the crowd, which was gradually working its way into Bow Street. Lord and Lady St. Barnard were accommodated with seats in

the magistrate's room until the throng outside the Court had been pretty well cleared by the police, when they drove to the Westminster Palace Hotel, where they stayed during the trial.

Kalimat removed from the Langham Hotel to a quiet house in Covent Garden, that he might be less subjected to observation. He was prompted to this step on seeing a paragraph in the "Times" referring to his probable arrival in England. Happily he had in a letter from America only spoken in general terms of his visit to this country, and no one knew that he was in England.

CHAPTER IX.

CLYTIE'S LIFE IN LONDON.



ON the second day of the evidence of Lady St. Barnard, she came to that interesting period when she ran away from Dunelm to London.

She said, referring to the night of the encounter between Ransford and Mayfield: I felt that I could no longer stay with my grandfather. I resolved to run away to London. I could get an engagement there, I thought, to go on the stage. My mother's name, I believed, would be known, and on the strength of it I should find employment. I had a little money. Soon after midnight, when all was quiet, I packed up a few clothes. I kissed my grandfather

while he slept, and crept out of the house. In taking a last look at the house, I was somewhat startled to see that my jar of flowers was on the window-sill. I have since thought about this, and can only come to the conclusion that my grandfather, who believed flowers in a room to be unhealthy, had put them outside because I was not well, and that this might have misled the prisoner in thinking that I was willing to go away with him. Possibly our servant of that time, if we could find her, would be able to speak to this. I walked to the railway station at an adjacent village, and took a train to York, where I remained two hours, and then went on to London. When I arrived, I asked a porter if there was an hotel near the station. He carried my little luggage to an hotel, where I remained two or three days. I then searched for lodgings. I took an omnibus. I did not know where it was going, but I got out where I liked the neighbourhood. The trees at Regent's Park attracted me, and I inquired for lodgings at a house in a street near St. John's Wood, where a card was exhibited in the window. I was utterly

ignorant of London, both as to localities and manners and customs. I went into this house. The appearance of the landlady somewhat alarmed me, but she spoke kindly to me, which disarmed my apprehension of anything wrong for a moment. I did not take a seat. I only stood inside the room. The landlady then asked me to drink champagne, and called to a man in the next room to look at me, and then I ran out of the house and into the street. A policeman was passing, and I ran to him for protection. I explained the whole business to him ; he said I had had a narrow escape, and offered to conduct me to a person who would find me respectable lodgings.

Mr. Holland : Had you any idea that the house was in any way an improper house ?

Lady St. Barnard : No ; I did not understand what an improper house was. I thought the policeman meant I had had a narrow escape of being robbed and murdered ?

Mr. Holland : How long were you in the house ?

Lady St. Barnard : Two or three minutes.

Mr. Holland : Did the policeman take you to Mr. John Breeze, park-keeper at the north gate, Regent's Park ?

Lady St. Barnard : He did, and he directed me to his wife's house in St. Mark's Crescent, where I lodged for some weeks. I told Mrs. Breeze who I was, and what my intentions were with regard to the stage. She went with me to Mr. Barrington's dramatic agency. Before that I called upon Mr. Chute Woodfield at his theatre, and he advised me not to go upon the stage, because, he said, theatres were not, as a rule, conducted upon respectable or moral principles. But I felt that I could only obtain a livelihood by means of the stage, and I thought my mother's fame would help me. Mrs. Breeze accompanied me to Mr. Barrington's, the dramatic agent, who introduced me to Mr. Wyldenberg, of the Delphos Theatre. I was engaged for a new piece then in course of rehearsal. I had a part given to me, and studied it. The rehearsals lasted about a fortnight. At the end of the first

week Mr. Wyldenberg explained to the company, who were to have been paid half salaries during rehearsal, that he had no money, but would have plenty next week. When the next week came, Mr. Wyldenberg promised to pay everybody on the first night of the play being produced. There was a great commotion among the company, and some persons left and threw up their parts. On the opening night, the musicians refused to go into the orchestra unless they received twenty pounds—(laughter)—and a gentleman who was in company with the manager paid the money. Then the leading actor refused to go on—(laughter)—and a fierce altercation ensued between the ballet master and Mr. Wyldenberg, who struck monsieur—(loud laughter)—and discharged him. I was very frightened, and had serious thoughts of going away, but a person, who afterwards turned out to be a detective officer, asked me if I was Miss Pitt, and when I said "Yes," he told me not to be afraid, he had authority to take care of me. I had hardly recovered my surprise at this, when I was informed that Mr. Wyldenberg had just received a

telegram from a noble lord who had promised to provide £500 for rent and other expenses that night, and now declined to do so, in consequence of which the theatre would not be opened. The manager thereupon stated that his wife, who played the leading part, was taken suddenly ill, and a notice to that effect was at once written and sent outside to be posted on the doors—(laughter)—and we were all told that we might go home.

Mr. Holland : And in fact you never made your *début* at all ?

Lady St. Barnard : No.

Mr. Holland : Never appeared on the stage in public ?

Lady St. Barnard : Never.

Mr. Holland : Now permit me to carry your ladyship back a few days in your narrative. Did you meet the prisoner during your rehearsal at the Delphos Theatre ?—I did.

Where ?—In the Park. Mrs. Breeze took me there to show me the Corner in the season.

Did the prisoner get off his horse and come up to you ?—He did.

What did he say?—He expressed some surprise at seeing me, and I was glad to see that he had not been seriously hurt. He told Mrs. Breeze that he was a friend of my grandfather, and begged to be allowed to come and see me. I asked him to pledge his word not to communicate with my grandfather, and he did so.

Did Mrs. Breeze give him your address? She did.

And he called upon you?—He did. He urged me to let him be of service to me. I was glad he called, because I learnt from him that Mr. Mayfield left Dunelm the same morning as that upon which I disappeared, and it was thought by some people that he and I had gone away together. [Mr. Cuffing looked at the prisoner, smiled, and made special notes.] I was enabled to disabuse Mr. Ransford's mind of this, and I asked him to make it known in Dunelm, without giving a clue to my discovery. The fear of what people would say about the scene at the Hermitage, and the horror of being denounced by my grandfather, were inducements in my

running away, and I was desirous that Mr. Ransford should clear me as regarded Mr. Mayfield. I begged him not to visit me, but he expressed to Mrs. Breeze so much interest in me, and seemed so penitent in regard to the past, that I was prevailed upon to trust him. Moreover, he said he knew Mr. Wyldenberg well, and could help me in my profession. He placed his brougham at my disposal, and I used it on several occasions. One day I was invited to luncheon in the manager's room. I declined the invitation, but I was pressed by Mr. Wyldenberg, who said that he should feel offended if I persisted in refusing. Indeed, he half intimated that he would cancel my engagement if I refused. I therefore accompanied him after rehearsal to his room. There were two other gentlemen and ladies present. I did not like their manner nor conversation, and for a moment I almost regretted that I had not taken the advice of Mr. Chute Woodfield and tried anything but the stage as a means of living. At this moment Mr. Ransford appeared, and I was really glad to see him, for the first time in my life, because I thought he

would protect me. After luncheon the conduct of the ladies and the remarks of the gentlemen displeased and frightened me, and I felt suddenly ill. I asked Mr. Ransford to take me out and put me into a cab. He consented, and said his brougham was at the door. When I got in I felt so ill that I was glad of his offer to see me home. I felt faint and giddy and sick. By-and-by the brougham stopped in Piccadilly. Mr. Ransford said I was seriously ill, and he would send for a doctor. I refused to go into his chambers; but he seemed greatly hurt at this, and all at once I became incapable of resistance, and entered the house. A middle-aged woman came into the room, and I flung myself into her arms, and burst into tears, which relieved me a little. Mr. Ransford left the room for a few minutes, and I implored the woman to protect me. I had strange misgivings. I did not know why. A terrible fear came upon me. I felt as if I should faint, but I was determined not to faint. "Do not leave me, do not leave me," I said to the woman. She put her arms round me and said she would not, begged me to

be calm, and told me to have no fear, she would take care of me.

Mr. Cuffing asked for the name of this woman.

Mr. Holland said the prosecution were not in possession of it; but they hoped that the publicity given to the evidence of Lady St. Barnard would be the means of bringing this person into Court as a witness; for he was bound to admit that her evidence was of the utmost importance.

Mr. Cuffing rubbed his hands, bowed gravely, and sat down, and Kalmat thought to himself that there was more work for him. This woman must be found. He was afraid to trust a detective, or he would at once have set him to work, but in his own mind he framed an advertisement offering a reward of £100 if the woman would communicate with C. Y. E., General Post-Office.

Mr. Holland, addressing the Countess: What happened after this?—I lost my senses. I suppose I fainted.

What did you afterwards have reason to think was the matter with you?—I have no doubt I was drugged. (Sensation.)

How?—Through the wine I took at luncheon.

Did you take much wine?—Very little.

Do you remember what wine you took?
—Sherry and champagne.

How long were you insensible?—For several hours, I suppose. When I awoke the woman was still by my side.

Was any one else present?—No.

Not the prisoner?—No.

What did the woman say?—She said she had had——

Can you give us the exact words?—I think so. She said, "I have had a great row with the master, but I would not leave you, for I have children of my own."

Were you attended by a doctor?—No; the woman said I should soon be better now; she had given me an emetic; she said something had disagreed with me.

Did she stay all night with you?—She did. I slept in her room. I was very weak, but she conducted me upstairs. There was no means of communicating with the Breezes. In the morning when I got up I was much stronger, and Mr. Ranisford said he had told the Breezes where I

was, and that I need be under no apprehension. Mrs. Breeze would come to me presently. This was in his room. I had my bonnet and shawl on ready to go, and then for the first time the woman left me to call a cab. Upon that the prisoner said hurriedly, and with great vehemence, "Miss Waller, you are ruined ; you are compromised beyond redemption ; you had better stay here for good ; you shall have everything you want, carriages, jewels, money, position ; the world will never believe your story of last night." He tried to take my hand. There was a knife upon the table ; I seized it, and raised it as if to strike him. I was too indignant to speak. I bitterly felt my unprotected situation. All I could say was, "Coward, coward !" and at this moment the housekeeper returned, and she conducted me to a cab at the door, and I went to my lodgings. When I reached St. Mark's Crescent, I found Mrs. Breeze much excited and alarmed. She had received no message from the defendant ; nor had she been asked to go to Piccadilly.

Mr. Holland ; Did you go to rehearsal the next day ?—No, I was too ill ; but on

the following day I went, having received an urgent message from Mr. Wyldenberg that I was obstructing the business of the theatre. I went, and did not see Mr. Ransford again during the remainder of my engagement there. Mrs. Breeze went with me to the theatre always during the remainder of my stay there. She was not behind the scenes on the night when the piece was to be produced. I had taken a box for herself and family.

You referred to Mr. White, the detective officer?—Yes, he introduced himself to me; he said he was employed by my friends, and he was instructed to get me out of the engagement at the Delphos Theatre. He could not tell me by whom he was employed, he said, but he hoped to have my grandfather Waller's permission to carry out what my friends proposed. He inquired for Mrs. Breeze. I told him she would be in front of the house. He said I had better hasten home. The Delphos Theatre would not be opened again under the present management. He gave me his card. I asked him what guarantee I had that he was acting *bonâ*

fide. The guarantee, he said, that he knew the Dean of Dunelm, and also the father of the nobleman who eloped with my mother. I thereupon went round to the front of the house, where the Breezes had just arrived in a cab. I went home with them, and when we arrived Mr. White, the detective, was standing upon the doorstep.

Mr. Cuffing : I observe that Mr. White is in Court. I thought it was understood all witnesses were to leave.

Mr. Holland : Do you, then, call Mr. White ?

Mr. Cuffing : No.

Mr. Holland : Neither do we. (Laughter.)


The Magistrate : Then Mr. White can remain ; I dare say he has business here ; Mr. White does not usually waste his time as a mere spectator. And now I think we may adjourn. Her ladyship must be tired, and there is no prospect of concluding her evidence, I fear, at present.

Mr. Holland bowed to signify his approval of the adjournment ; Mr. Cuffing went up to the dock and conferred with his

client ; Lord St. Barnard conducted his wife to the magistrate's room ; the reporters gathered up their note-books ; Kalmat stroked his beard, and followed Lady St. Barnard with his eyes ; Mr. White disappeared ; the magistrate quietly asked Mr. Holland how long the case would last, Mr. Holland said, as quietly, he really did not know ; and the Court adjourned.

CHAPTER X.

CLYTIE'S EVIDENCE CONTINUED.

 HIS was the third day of Lady St. Barnard's examination. She appeared in the same attire as before, with the same pale calm face, and attended by her husband.

Continuing her evidence from the point at which Mr. White appeared upon the scene, she said : Mr. White told me that my reputation would be jeopardized, as a good girl and a respectable woman, if I continued my connection with the stage. My introduction to the profession through the Delphos management was an error. He was commissioned, he said, to relieve me on certain conditions from the necessity of acting. I asked him to name them.

What little I had seen of the stage had not enchanted me. Indeed, I was greatly disappointed. If I would accompany him on the morrow to the Burlington, he said, I could meet the nobleman who was my grandfather Waller's friend. He would provide for me. I asked if anything had been heard of my grandfather, and he said "No." They had searched everywhere, and made every inquiry, but without avail. Mrs. Breeze was present during this interview, and she said, "How do we know that you are telling the truth? You may be one of the Ransford lot." Mr. White said Mrs. Breeze could accompany me. On the next day we went accordingly to the Burlington. Mr. White took us into a private room, where we saw the late Lord St. Barnard. He was sitting in an easy-chair, and could not move. I believe he had the gout. He was very much affected when he saw me. He took my hand, and called me his dear child. He said I was the image of my mother, but that I had poor Frank's eyes. It was a sad affair, he said, but I ought not to suffer for it, and should not. It was a pity, he said, that

Frank had not confided in him, and then all might have gone well, and I should have been a lady of title and position. He said the next best thing should be done. He would settle upon me a handsome income, and I could live in town if I liked, and my grandfather need not remain in Dunelm. He asked me many questions about my early life, and I answered them. I told him all I thought he would care to know, and when I mentioned Mr. Ransford, he said that person was a scoundrel. This was not until he had heard my account of his taking me to Piccadilly. The late Earl said that Mr. White would be at my service at any time. Meanwhile, he said, there was a house belonging to him at Gloucester Gate which I could have, and I could set about furnishing it at once. Mrs. Breeze was evidently a respectable woman; she might help me, and I should have his own housekeeper from Grassnook as my principal servant. As he could not find my grandfather, he said, he must make these arrangements apart from him. He would place the matter in the hands of trustees.

Mr. Holland : Did you ask his lordship if your mother was married to his son ?— I did.

What did his lordship say ? He did not give me a direct answer. He shook his head, and said it was a sad business.

Were Mr. White and Mrs. Breeze present during the whole of the conversation ? —They were.

Were they near enough to hear all that passed ?—Yes. His lordship said, if not in the eyes of men, I was his daughter in the eyes of God, and I should be taken care of as befitted my right and position. But I must promise him that I would think no further about going on the stage. I demurred a little to this; but when he showed me a letter with my portrait, which he had received from Mr. Wyldenberg, I gave him my word. He said he had always been kept *au courant* with my history at Dunelm, and that he had long been thinking of providing for me in a better style, and was about communicating with my grandfather Waller on the subject when he learnt that I had left Dunelm.

Did his lordship then put you in

communication with his solicitors?—He did.

Did he open a banking account for you at the Bank of England?—He did.

In what name?—Miss Waller.

Did the solicitors inform you that you were to have what reasonable sum you might require beyond the £5,000 which was placed to your credit until the settlements proposed by his lordship were ready?—They did.

When did you leave St. Mark's Crescent?—Not until three months afterwards. I preferred remaining there until my house at Gloucester Gate was ready. I thought it would be ungrateful to leave the Breezes the moment I was rich. (Applause.)

Did his lordship give Messrs. Danvers and Co. *carte blanche* under your directions to furnish your house?—He did.

Did he give you letters of introduction to his friends?—He did.

To whom?—To Lady Bolsover, Lady Stavely, the Countess Tamar, and to several others.

Were the letters open?—They were.

Did you present them?—Most of them ;

and in addition to which the late Earl said he had written a long letter of explanation to Lady Bolsover.

Mr. Cuffing : I am sorry to interrupt this most interesting and, I must say, informal narrative, but I must ask, as to this letter at all events, whether it exists now ?

Mr. Holland : It does, and will be produced by Lady Bolsover.

Mr. Cuffing said " Thank you," but he looked disappointed.

How long was it after your interview with the late Earl before you took up your residence at Gloucester Gate ?—Four months.

Did his lordship ever visit you there ?—No. He was taken seriously ill about that time.

And when did he die ?—Four weeks afterwards.

Did you ever see him after that first interview at the Burlington ?—No.

Did you go into mourning ?—I did, and I saw no society for several months.

Who called upon you ?—Lady Bolsover, Lady Stavely, Mrs. Dubois, Lord and Lady Tamar, the Dean of Dunelm, the

Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Henry, the Duchess of Southcairn, and many others.

In the season of that year did you go regularly into society?—Yes.

Did you receive at your own house?—I did.

Among the distinguished company who honoured your receptions, were there some of the highest personages in the land?—Yes.

Where did you first meet the present Earl, your husband?—At a Ministerial reception.

Did you frequently meet him in society?—Yes, frequently.

Her ladyship then gave an account of his proposing for her and her refusal of him, differing only slightly in detail from the evidence of Lord St. Barnard. She said she was simply influenced in her rejection of him by the fear that her origin and position were not equal to his, and that her running away from Dunelm and going on the stage might some day come out and be personally annoying to him.

Did he know anything of your origin when he first proposed?—No.

Did Lady Bolsover know that he had proposed?—No ; not until the second time. I told him it was best not to speak of it. I feared he might feel humiliated. I would have accepted him but for the reasons already given, because I admired and loved him. Indeed he was the only man who had ever made me think seriously of marriage. When first he proposed I was greatly shocked, because secretly in my own mind I thought we were closely related ; but looking at the "Peerage," I found that there was no barrier of that kind to our union. Before he proposed to me a third time I think he had a private and confidential interview with Lady Bolsover. I know that from what I told him and what he learnt elsewhere he discovered that I was the Julia Pitt upon whom the Dunelm estate was settled. He did not know that I was the late Earl's grandchild, and I did not tell him then ; for I had begun myself very much to desire the marriage, and I thought I had done enough for conscience' sake to prevent it. I loved his lordship, and was very happy when I had accepted him.

How soon after the late Earl's death was it that you married?—About two years.

Her ladyship then described the marriage at St. George's and gave the names of the witnesses, which agreed with the evidence previously recorded.

You kept your honeymoon on the Continent?—We did.

On your return to England did you go to Dunelm?—Yes. We were invited by the Mayor and Corporation to accept a public reception and an address of congratulation. We were received with great demonstrations. The city was decorated with flags. A throne of state was erected at the Town Hall. I was conducted to a seat upon it by the Mayor, but my lord and myself stood during the reception. The Mayor made a speech, in which he referred to my early life in Dunelm.

Mr. Cuffing : Will his Worship be called?

Mr. Holland : He will. Meanwhile we put in the address of the Mayor and Corporation on behalf of the city.

The address was then identified by her ladyship and read by Mr. Holland. It was a tribute to the greatness and fame and

benevolence of the house of St. Barnard. At the same time it referred to the early life of the Countess in Dunelm ; mentioned her as a lady who during her early days had been a model of excellence in every respect, and referred to her late grandfather as a gentleman whom the city had revered and loved. The town congratulated his lordship on winning such a bride as Miss Waller, and congratulated her upon her high and dignified position, which her grace and beauty well qualified her to adorn.

Mr. Holland : What accompanied this address ?—A handsome present of plate and porcelain.

Did you take his lordship to the Hermitage during the day ?—I did. We spent an hour in the house. My wish to visit it being communicated to the tenant, the Dean and several distinguished citizens met us there and we partook of refreshment in the summer-house. In the evening there was a grand ball at the Town Hall. We stayed in Dunelm all the next day, being entertained at the Deanery. We attended divine service at the Cathedral

in the afternoon, and left for York at five, and remained there all night. In the morning I showed my husband where I had walked when I ran away from Dunelm. I showed him the very pew in which I knelt and prayed during that unhappy time. We knelt there together and thanked God for His goodness to us.

The memory of the time was too much for her ladyship. Up to this point, except once, she had given her evidence with remarkable calmness ; but here she broke down for the second time during the terrible ordeal to which she was subjected. The magistrate addressed some commonplace remarks to Mr. Holland in order to give her ladyship time to recover, and to divert the attention of the spectators ; but they were not to be deprived of the spectacle they had come to witness. They kept their eyes upon the poor lady while she sat and wept. Mr. Cuffing fidgeted with his papers. The prisoner looked round the Court, but speedily relapsed into a sort of gloomy indifference. Kalmat felt his manliness sorely tried. He stroked his beard and bit his lips. It was all he could do to

keep back his tears, as he thought of all this success and happiness, of this young life so full of promise and hope, blighted by that fiend in the dock. All his own lost life was ignored. He only thought of the woman he had loved, made wretched and miserable by the machinations of the scoundrel whom he hated. It seemed to him a mockery of justice that this wretch should sit there to enjoy his triumph. They managed these matters, he thought, after all, much better outside the pale of civilization.

Lady St. Barnard presently recovered her self-possession, and continued her evidence :—We arrived at Grassnook the next day. We had a very hearty reception on the part of the tenants and local gentry. Many cards had been left, and amongst them was one bearing the name of Mr. Philip Ransford.

Did this person write to you ?

Witness : Yes.

When ?

Witness : After I had been at Grassnook about a month.

Is this the letter ?

Witness : It is.

Mr. Cuffing put out his hand to see the letter, took it, turned it over doubtingly, and handed it to the magistrate's clerk. The letter was respectfully written, and asked for £300 as a loan. The writer stated that his family, as Lady St. Barnard knew, were utterly ruined, through no fault of their own. Finance and trade had been against them. He was sure, from what he knew of Lady St. Bernard, that she would be good enough, under all the circumstances, to send him a cheque.

Mr. Cuffing, while rummaging among his papers, remarked that he would like to know what objection could be raised to a letter of that kind.

Mr. Holland : Are you addressing the Court, Mr. Cuffing ?

Mr. Cuffing : I was simply making a private remark to the Table, sir. I will address the Bench if you desire it.

The Magistrate : Pray proceed, Mr. Holland ; the Court has no time to waste.

Mr. Holland : What reply did you make to this letter, Lady St. Barnard ?

I wrote a note, regretting that Mr.

Ransford's family had been unfortunate.

Mr. Holland : Yes, and you sent him a cheque for £300, I believe ?

I did.

Mr. Holland : Soon after this did you see him ?

Yes, soon afterwards.

Mr. Holland : Where ?

In the Horticultural Gardens.

Mr. Holland : Was your husband, Lord St. Barnard, with you at the time ?

He was.

Mr. Holland : Be good enough to tell the Bench what occurred.

I was walking with my husband when Mr. Philip Ransford came up to us. I introduced him to my husband. "Mr. Philip Ransford," I said, "an old friend from Dunelm, son of the late lord's friend, Mr. Ransford." Lord St. Barnard shook hands with him, and Mr. Philip Ransford congratulated him upon our marriage, and said he had had the honour to leave cards at Grassnook.

Mr. Holland : Was the prisoner well-dressed ?

Yes ; in every way he had the appearance of a gentleman, except that I noticed a peculiar and revolting expression in his face, a sottish expression. He talked to my husband about Dunelm, and also about Oxford. He had, he said, belonged to the same college as the late Earl, at Oxford.

The Magistrate : Will your examination last another hour, Mr. Holland ? Pardon me for interrupting you.

Mr. Holland : It may last another day, perhaps two—I really cannot say.

Mr. Cuffing : My learned friend spins his story out with the adroitness of a *London Journal* novelist.

Mr. Holland : I do my duty to my clients.

Mr. Cuffing : I really think the defendant should know when the case for the prosecution is likely to be over ; it is very hard that he should continue in confinement.

Mr. Holland : He will get used to it by-and-by.

Mr. Cuffing : That is a most improper remark to make.

Mr. Holland : Indeed !

Mr. Cuffing : A most improper, unpro-

fessional, and, I may say, impertinent remark.

Mr. Holland : You may say whatever you please, sir.

The Magistrate : We will adjourn until to-morrow, gentlemen.

Whereupon the Court broke up.

There are some wrongs which seem only fit to be wiped out in blood. At one time or another most men, who are men, have felt the desire for physical vengeance upon an enemy. Nothing is so satisfying to a hot manly temperament as dashing the fist in a slanderer's face, or spurning him fiercely with your foot. Lord St. Barnard had felt his blood boil to assaulting pitch many a time during this terrible persecution of his wife. If he could only have five minutes with Ransfor and Cuffing in some quiet place outside the pale of the law ! All his aristocratic training and instincts were not strong enough to check this natural longing to chastise the cowards who were permitted, day after day, to heap insult and ignominy on his brave-hearted wife and himself, on

their name, on their children, on the noble house of St. Barnard.

Kalmat had felt sensations similar to these, but they did not fret him. He had made up his mind about Ransford long ago. Though fierce fires burned behind Kalmat's calm-looking face, he held them in subjection; and he now came into Court with one firm resolve as to Ransford. He would kill him — when and how would depend upon circumstances.

"Do not fear," he said, addressing the bust on the fifth day of the hearing at Bow Street; "do not fear that justice shall not be done. I am Justice! It is well they think something of a life in this tame old England of ours. Out in the Western wilds they would think nothing of a life such as his. He would be found dead in the gutter or hanging to a lamp-post, and there an end. But here, his death will be an event, an incident worthy of the slayer's hand. Do not look with soft eyes and pouting lips, my Clytie; thou shalt be avenged: thou and I, my love."

He smoked as he talked to his silent companion in the private room of his

hotel; smoked and gazed at the statue with his great eloquent dreamy eyes. Pictures of a stormy past were flitting through his brain to the music of sad, sad memories.

“Do you remember, Clytie, when we were young and full of hope; when the skies were blue and the summer golden? Oh, that moss-grown city of the north, with its peaceful days, and its calm star-light nights. And its dreams, its songs, its perfumes, its matin bell, and its curfew chimes! There is a poet, Clytie, whose words seem to breathe the thoughts and language of my own seared soul. Do not hear the wail of his broken heart. Let me turn my head to tell his lines—

“‘You had better be drown’d than to love and to dream;

It were better to sit on a moss-grown stone,
And away from the sun, and for ever alone,
Slow pitching white pebbles at trout in the stream,

“‘Than to dream for a day, then awake for an age,
And to walk through the world like a ghost,
and to start,

Then suddenly stop with the hand to the heart
Press’d hard, and the teeth set savage with rage.

“‘Alas for a heart that is left forlorn!

If you live you must love; if you love, regret—
It were better perhaps we had never been born,
Or, better at least we could well forget.’

“ Hail to thee, brother of the melancholy heart! May'st thou find happiness in yonder land beyond, where curs and sneaks and cowards, and all that crawl and creep, are left to rot i' the earth and have no resurrection !”

With which ejaculation Kalmat placed the bust of Clytie in a case specially made for it, and went forth into the London streets to muse and think in the awful solitude of mighty crowds.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FOURTH DAY OF CLYTIE'S EXAMINATION.



LADY ST. BARNARD'S examination was continued. The court was crowded as before. Kalmat watched the case for Destiny.

He seemed to be standing at the bar of Fate. Sometimes he felt that it was all a dream, just as Lady St. Barnard herself felt ; but a glance at the cowardly accuser brought Tom Mayfield back to the bitter reality ; while the interrogations of Mr. Holland and the pressure of her husband's hand were enough to bring home to Clytie any wandering thoughts.

Mr. Holland : When we adjourned last night your ladyship had just described to us the interview with the prisoner at the Horticultural Gardens. How soon after

this did you again see or hear from the prisoner ?

About three months afterwards.

Did you receive a letter ?

I did.

Is this the letter ?

Yes.

The letter was then put in and read. It contained an account purporting to be a bill against the late Mr. Luke Waller for money lent, £200. The letter was written in a much more familiar strain than the first one. The most notable paragraph in it was as follows : " I only learnt the other day that it was you who received the proceeds of the Dunelm property, of which your so-called protector, the late Earl St. Barnard, robbed my father. I say 'robbed' advisedly, and I also lay stress on the words, ' your so-called protector ; ' you will quite understand what I mean. Does your husband know your relationship with the late Earl ? Or shall I communicate with him upon this subject ? I do not wish to raise a scandal, but will not hesitate to do so, unless you send me the money. Perhaps you may think it worth while to add

the value of that necklace I gave you when you received my addresses in Dunelm. Of course it is convenient to forget all this ; and also your adventures at the Delphos Theatre. It is a fine thing to have a pretty face and languishing eyes, but a lord wants something more than this in his wife, as you will one day discover if you are not discreet."

Lady St. Barnard turned a shade paler than usual as the letter was read ; her husband glanced at the prisoner ; but only saw the gleaming eyes of Kalmat, who occupied a more prominent place in court, and nearer the dock than he had hitherto thought it wise to stand. There was a sympathetic movement in court as the cruelty and cowardice of the letter became more and more apparent.

Mr. Holland : Calm yourself, Lady St. Barnard. All England will denounce the cruelty of that letter. (Applause.)

Mr. Cuffing : Your Worship, I must appeal against this kind of examination and comment, and also against applause in court. The Magistrate ; Confine yourself to the evidence, Mr. Holland, it will save time.

Mr. Holland : Did your ladyship take that letter and account to your solicitors ?

I did.

Mr. Holland : The solicitors to whom the late Earl introduced you ?

The same.

Mr. Holland : Did they send for Mr. White, and consult him in your presence ?

They did.

Mr. Holland : What did Mr. White advise ?

The immediate arrest and prosecution of the writer of the letter.

Mr. Holland : What was the opinion of the lawyers ?

That they should see Mr. Ransford, pay him the account, take a receipt in full of all demands, and explain to him that for the sake of his family, I had declined to prosecute him.

Mr. Holland : That was the decision after much discussion ?

Yes ; the lawyers argued the matter with Mr. White, and I did not wish to prosecute, though I left the matter in their hands, requesting them to consult my husband upon the subject.

"Did she consult him?" Mr. Cuffing asked in a whisper, while pretending to sort his papers. The whisper could be heard throughout the court.

Mr. Holland: Really, your Worship, I cannot submit to these interruptions.

The Magistrate: What interruptions, Mr. Holland?

Mr. Holland: Did you not hear a remark made by the prisoner's solicitor?

The Magistrate: I did not.

Mr. Holland: Then we will proceed. What did your lawyers finally advise and do?

They advised me not to trouble Lord St. Barnard in the matter, unless they considered it necessary; it would only give him useless annoyance. I was to leave the business with them, and they would do what my honour and peace required; and I afterwards understood that they paid the money and obtained the receipt as suggested.

Mr. Holland, having informed the Bench that this receipt and other documents would be put in by the lawyers themselves, whom he should call, proceeded with his examination: When did you hear from the prisoner again?

Not for three years.

Mr. Holland : When was your first child born ?

A year after my marriage.

Mr. Holland : And the next ?

Two years after my marriage.

Mr. Holland : I believe you lost this one ?

Yes, it died at three months.

Mr. Holland : You have two children living ?

I have.

Lady St. Barnard thought of their prattle two or three days ago when she appealed to their young souls for sympathy, and the tears rolled slowly down her white cheeks.

Mr. Holland : Was it soon after the birth of your third child that you heard again from the prisoner.

Yes, between three and four years after my marriage.

Mr. Holland : Will your ladyship kindly relate the circumstances to the Bench ?

I received a letter from him marked "Private," and requesting an interview.

Mr. Holland : How long ago was this ?

About a year. I did not reply to the

note; but sent it to my solicitors. In a week afterwards he called at Grassnook. Lord St. Barnard was in Scotland. I saw the prisoner. He told me that he had been abroad and that ill-fortune followed him everywhere. I said ill-fortune sooner or later overtook all those who did not deserve to be successful. I told him that I felt much to blame for seeing him, as I had sent his note to my lawyers; but I did not like that my door should be shut upon any person in distress. He looked ill and badly dressed, and he said he was in want. I gave him £50, and then informed him most solemnly that I would hold no further communication with him. He begged me to forgive him for his wicked persecution of me, and went down upon his knees and kissed my hand. He said my kindness had conquered him; he was too wicked to live, and that he would yet atone for the past. I advised him to go to my lawyers and say all that he had said to me; he said he would, and that if I desired it he would write me a letter declaring his crimes and his unfounded charges or insinuations against me. I felt sorry for him, and told

him to do whatever his conscience and his better nature dictated.

Mr. Holland : How soon after this did you see the prisoner again ?

About a week afterwards.

Mr. Holland : Where ?

In the park. I was staying with my husband at the Westminster Palace Hotel. We rode in the park daily. I saw the prisoner once and did not bow to him. He was very gaily dressed and leaning upon the railings in the Row. The next day he forced himself upon my attention, and I returned his salute, as also did Lord St. Barnard. After dinner that evening I told his lordship how Mr. Ransford had called at Grassnook in distress, and that I had given him £50.

Mr. Holland : Did the prisoner call at the Westminster Palace Hotel ?

Yes, during the week.

Mr. Holland : How long after your seeing him in the park ?

Two days afterwards.

Mr. Holland : Were you alone ?

Yes, Lord St. Barnard was attending a Committee at the House of Lords.

Mr. Holland : What transpired ?

Mr. Ransford was announced, and before I could deny myself to him, he had entered the room, having followed the servant without the man's knowledge.

Mr. Holland : Upon what pretext did he call ?

He said he wanted the address of my lawyers in order that he might say to them all he had said to me at Grassnook. He had forgotten their address. I gave it to him. He then asked me to lend him £100, and I declined to do so. I said I would write to the lawyers after he had called upon them, and if they approved of my lending him the money I would do so. This is all that had transpired, when Lord St. Barnard came in and luncheon was at the same time announced. Mr. Ransford said he was going to America on the next day and should probably not be in England again for many years, and under these circumstances he had called to say good-bye to the only friends he now had in England. He told Lord St. Barnard a pitiful story of his misfortunes, and said he hoped, however, to find a wealthy uncle at South

Carolina, where he should probably settle. Luncheon being again announced, I asked Mr. Ransford to stay, and he remained accordingly. The prisoner called upon my husband two days afterwards ; but I have not seen him since, except when I saw him here in the dock.

Mr. Holland : I have no more questions to ask your ladyship at present.

There was a buzzing of excitement in court as Mr. Cuffing rose. Even the prisoner roused himself and ventured to look round the court when he saw his own advocate in possession of the ear of the magistrate.

Mr. Cuffing, addressing the Bench, said he would prefer not to commence his cross-examination to-day. It only wanted half an hour to their usual time for adjournment ; and he would like to consult his client before entering upon a cross-examination which must, so far as he could see, last several days.

The Magistrate : Does an adjournment meet with your approval, Mr. Holland ?

Mr. Holland : I would rather go on, but leave myself in the hands of your Worship.

The Magistrate : How many witnesses do you intend to call ?

Mr. Holland : I have a very long list of witnesses, your Worship ; but I hope you will not consider it necessary that I should call any of them. Already, with great respect, I would submit that you have ample evidence for committal.

Mr. Cuffing : I entirely differ with my learned friend.


The Magistrate : I think we had better adjourn.

Mr. Holland : Very well, your Worship, till when ?

The Magistrate : Twelve o'clock to-morrow.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. CUFFING CONSULTS WITH HIS CLIENT.

“ELL,” said Mr. Simon Cuffing, when the door of his client’s cell was closed and there was no chance of being overheard, “you’re a pretty fellow to have for a client.”

“What do you mean? You’re a pretty lawyer to leave a client in a hole like this!” said Phil Ransford, sighing for the freedom of poverty, in spite of its short commons.

“Leave you here!” said the little lawyer, seating himself upon the prisoner’s truckle bed. “You should not have told me a pack of lies. When you consult a lawyer, my friend, you should be as free and open with him as you are with your doctor.”

"I was perfectly open and candid with you," said Phil; "and I wish I had kept my wrongs to myself."

"Your wrongs!" said Cuffing, shrugging his shoulders.

"You said if only half of what I told you were true there would be no difficulty about making money out of them," whined the prisoner.

"Money! you humbug! but you have made money out of them."

"I told you I had."

"You did not tell me how much, nor when, nor how, nor any of the circumstances. And look what a mull you made of the old Earl business! Why, the examination upon that point damns your whole case."

"You don't think so!" Ransford replied, looking for the first time at the lawyer, his eyes having wandered hitherto in every other direction than that in which Mr. Cuffing sat contemplating him with keen watchfulness.

"If your Piccadilly incident breaks down we are done for. You will get six months'

imprisonment at the very least ; perhaps six years," said Cuffing, spitefully.

Ransford shuddered, and commenced to pace the narrow cell.

"What will Wyldenberg and his lot really say when we get them into the box?"

"The truth!" exclaimed Ransford, stopping suddenly and confronting the lawyer.

"Bravo!" said Cuffing. "That is more like yourself. That is the idea to get into your head. Feel it when you stand in the dock to-morrow. Don't look like a coward and a sneak ; try to look like a martyr. By the way, have you an enemy? I don't mean that ; of course you have ; but an enemy who owes you a long-standing grudge ; a fierce, bearded fellow, with deep, speaking eyes."

"Not that I know of," said the prisoner.

"What has become of that Dunelm student?"

"I don't know."

"What was he like? Was he strong? I mean the fellow who licked you on the doorstep of the Hermitage?"

"Strong! I could have broken him

over my knee, but he took me by surprise and in the dark," said Phil, drawing himself up to his full height.

"Ah, then, the grizzly-looking fellow who is in court every day, watching you like a wild cat waiting for the release of a rat from a cage, cannot be Mayfield," said Cuffing, reflectively.

Ransford turned pale.

"You have noticed him?" said the lawyer, quickly.

"Yes, once; but it is not Tom Mayfield, though his eyes are like; I wondered why he scowled so at me; he is twice the size of Mayfield; perhaps it is some friend of Lord St. Barnard."

"A devilish eye, has he not?" said Cuffing, enjoying the prisoner's evident fear.

"Yes," said Phil, "but I thought you came to see me as to the cross-examination."

"So I did," said the lawyer.

"When I first seriously talked with you about this case you said a clever fellow with a secret such as mine ought not to be drinking in a common coffee-house with a common lawyer like you."

"Ah ; then, you see, you are not a clever fellow, and the common lawyer phrase was a bit of the pride that apes humility ; you have a good memory for some things."

"I have, and, by the Lord ! if you don't soon get me out of this, Cuffing, when I do come out, I shall remember who got me into the scrape," said the prisoner, angrily.

"Pooh ! You forget that six-shooter I told you of, my friend, and you ought to remember that I am not a coward ; only the bravest lawyer in London would have taken up you and your black-mailing case. Apologize to me for your impertinence, or I'll leave you in gaol to rot like the cur you are."

Cuffing rose, picked up his bag, and put on his hat.

"Good heavens, Cuffing, don't leave me. My dear fellow, I apologize humbly, and with all my heart. Don't desert a poor devil like that. There's my hand."

Cuffing took two of Phil's fingers, and, returning them to their owner, said—

"All right ; now to business ; sit down."

"Pardon me a moment · don't you think

we could settle the case ; withdraw for a certain sum before this cross-examination begins ?”

“ Too early,” said the lawyer.

“ You think so ?”

“ Yes, I’m sure so.”

“ You know best,” said the prisoner with a sigh.

“ Now, as to the line of the cross-examination, I am quite clear about that, and I hate that fellow Holland ; his manner towards me is very insolent ; I’ll be even with him.”

“ He is a snob ; but then he is a barrister, and has weight with the Bench,” suggested Phil.

“ Weight ! I’ll chuck him over the house, you’ll see. Did the lady ever go anywhere with you in addition to the Delphos Theatre ?”

“ No, I think not,” said Phil, looking inquiringly at the lawyer.

“ Never to Cremorne, for instance ?”

“ No.”

“ Nor to the Alhambra, the Argyle, nor any place of that kind ?”

There was no mistaking Cuffing’s man-

ner ; he plainly wished the prisoner to say "Yes."

"I think not."

"Quite sure she did not go to Cremorne with you ? Did you not once tell me that she created some disturbance there, and you had to bring her away ?"

"Did I tell you so ?"

"I think you did," said Cuffing, taking out his pencil and making a note on the back of his brief ; "it is a very important point, especially in cross-examination ; it does not pledge you, because you are not on your oath ; I can only ask her the question."

"Yes, I think I remember ; ask her the question, confound her."

"Good," said Cuffing, making notes ; "and about the Argyle, you must have taken her there ?"

"Yes, I did, and to the Alhambra as well."

"Of course : memory is a most singular arrangement," said Cuffing, as if talking to his notes ; "touch one chord and a whole instrument of chords and harmonies comes into play ; yes, you took her to the Argyle and to the Alhambra. Any particular date?"

"After the Piccadilly night, and once before," said Phil.

"Yes," said Cuffing, still writing. "Did she not sup with you once or twice at a café in the Haymarket?"

"I don't know," said Phil.

"Try and remember," said Cuffing, looking at him; "it is no good half doing the business; in for a penny, in for a pound; make a clean breast of it; the lady's honour is not worth considering now; you don't like to kiss and tell, I know; the feeling is honourable to you; but it's no good shirking at this period of the case; they have forced us to open our mouths, and we must do it—we are in the dock, not they."

"Give me your hand, Cuffing, fairly as man to man," said Ransford, with sudden energy.

"What for?"

"Pledging yourself that you will be true to me."

"True to you!—any lawyer who is not true to his client deserves to be kicked by all honest men."

"Yes, yes, I know; but ours is a different matter; give me your hand, and let us vow

to be true and faithful to each other, come what may."

"Ransford, your an ass ; but there's my hand ; is it not enough that I am here ?"

The prisoner took the lawyer's hand in his and gripped it.

"There, Cuffing, I give myself up to you ; we will be true to each other."

"Yes, yes," said Cuffing, withdrawing his hand ; "of course we will."

Phil sighed, and buried his head in his hands.

"Now, when you're ready," said Cuffing, "we will get on."

"I am ready," said Phil, "ready to go the whole hog."

"Yes ; she supped with you frequently at cafés in the Haymarket ; she paid a visit to Brighton with you ; she twice went to Cremorne with you, and once created a disturbance there ; she went to the Argyle several times, and you twice had a private box at the Alhambra," said Cuffing, waiting.

"Yes," said Phil, with firmness.

"Good ; now is the time to shake hands," said the lawyer ; "but no matter, we will proceed. Was that true about your send-

ing letters to Miss Waller through the organ-blower?"

"Yes."

"And is her story about your first meeting true?"

"Yes."

"Charming girl she must have been in those days."

"Ah, she was, she was?"

"Splendid-looking woman now," said Cuffing, still making notes and talking to them.

"Sometimes I feel sorry for her," said Phil.

"You are afraid of being shot, eh?"

Phil shuddered.

"Steer clear of that fellow with the beard and the eyes. What did you give for the jewels you presented to Miss Waller?"

"A hundred guineas."

"Ah, you were flush of money then."

"I was."

"During the time you were paying your addresses to Miss Waller, did you ever intend to marry her?"

"No."

"Cruel youth! Taking her evidence altogether, it is tolerably correct; there are

flaws in it I know, of course, and I shall tear it to tatters ; but, for my own information, tell me is it generally correct ?”

“ It is.”

“ That is a grand point in our favour, her admission about taking lodgings in St. John’s Wood ; there is evidence, of course, to rebut our charge on that head, but we will worry and harass them long before that ; and I think there may be a crisis in the cross-examination at which Lord St. Barnard will desire to treat.”

“ Yes, yes ?” said Ransford, eagerly.

“ How soon you show the white feather !” said Cuffing, laying down his pencil, and folding up his brief and notes.

“ Not the white feather ; but money is my game, not vengeance.”

“ Well, and suppose Lord St. Barnard asked you on his knees to take pity on his wife, and put her right with the world, what is your idea as to money ?”

“ Ten thousand pounds.”

“ He might ask you to sign a document, or make another statutory declaration on your oath, that all you have said is false ; giving you a sort of undertaking not to

prosecute you, and also letting you get out of the country, before publishing your own condemnation; I don't know, of course, what he could or would propose, or how it could be done."

"I would act on your instructions."

"I don't see how I could advise you; compromises are made sometimes, but there is a crime called compounding a felony; I don't know whether that would apply, but it is not well to discount the future, and I don't think you ought to go into the question of compromise with me—not now, at any rate, not now," said Cuffing, with a look of virtuous rebuke.

"Are you going?"

"Yes, I think we quite understand each other," said Cuffing, hammering at the door, which was promptly opened by a police officer.


"Oh, its so infernally lonely here," whined Ransford.

"It is lonelier for prisoners after committal," said Cuffing, coldly. "Good-bye; I shall see you to-morrow."

The next moment Phil Ransford was alone, and Cuffing was nodding a pleasant *au revoir* to Bow Street.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE THUMB-SCREW.

 HE privileges of cross-examination in England are a disgrace to our judicial code. The statutory declaration, as used in the Ransford-Barnard case, is an evil sufficiently appalling. Happily this power is not often exercised ; but the intellectual thumb-screw placed in the hands of petty solicitors and barristers-at law is used every day, and used mercilessly. "The line" is drawn everywhere and for everything it would seem except in a legal cross-examination.

It is a strange anomaly in a country where libel is jealously punished, that a lawyer instructed by a wicked client, or of his own malice, may slander man or woman by implication or innuendo, or

directly, without having any limit set to his brutal torture. Surely some wise lawgiver in the future will impose penalties for the libel by inference, now legalized in so-called courts of law.

How far Mr. Cuffing's cross-examination of Lady St. Barnard was justified the reader is hardly in a position to judge, though it is easy to form an estimate of some of the questions that most seriously affected her reputation.

The cross-examination of Lady St. Barnard commenced on the fifth day of her ladyship's appearance, in a crowded court hushed with curiosity and wonder.

"Now, Lady St. Barnard, kindly attend to me," said Mr. Cuffing, with an air of importance which greatly irritated Mr. Holland.

The lady acknowledged Mr. Cuffing's observation by a slight inclination of the head.

You say your grandfather was a professor of music, and was organist of St. Bride's at Dunelm, as long as you can remember?

Yes.

Was he not a performer in the orchestra of a London theatre ?

I have understood so.

How old were you when you were taken to Dunelm ?

I was an infant.

Your mother was an actress ?

Yes.

Mr. Holland objected to these questions; they were unnecessary, and the facts sought to be elicited were admitted.

Mr. Cuffing : We shall get on much more quickly if you do not interrupt. The questions, I submit, are quite proper.

The Magistrate overruled Mr. Holland's objection, and the cross-examination was continued.

Your mother was Miss Pitt, the well-known actress ?

She was.

And she eloped with the son of a nobleman, the Hon. Frank Barnard, and you were born at Boulogne ?

I believe that is so.

What day-school did you attend at Dunelm ?

Miss Bede's at South Hill.

prisoner, remember, is charged with a very serious offence ; he justifies all he has said. (Sensation.)

Mr. Holland : Justifies all he has said, after the evidence as to the late Earl ?

Mr. Cuffing : He justifies all he has said ; and it is my duty, however painful, to show you the bias of Miss Waller's mind ; and I shall do it, your Worship, from first to last. If Mr. Holland objects to this, let him request you to discharge my client, and dismiss the case. If he courts inquiry, why then does he desire to nip it in the bud ? (Applause.)

Mr. Holland : I have no desire to stifle inquiry, but as far as may be, I am anxious to protect a lady from insult and calumny.

The Magistrate : I can only suggest moderation on both sides, and I trust Mr. Cuffing will not overstep the licence of an advocate.

Mr. Holland bowed submissively to the Bench. Kalmat watched with painful anxiety the face of the witness. Lord St. Barnard, who sat beside her, pressed her hand. The crowded Court took a long

breath, and the cross-examination was continued.

You told my learned friend how you first met the prisoner. It was in the Banks, at Dunelm ?

Yes, I said so.

You said so ; and you met him a week afterwards, and allowed him to walk with you ?

He placed himself in my way, took off his hat, and said he particularly wished to see my grandfather.

Yes, I know ; and he walked home with you ?

I said my grandfather was at home, and Mr. Ransford walked by my side, as I was then on my way home.

What did he talk about ?

I do not know.

Did he meet you after that time ?

Yes, occasionally.

Unknown to your grandfather ?

I did not always tell my grandfather.

Oh, you did not always tell your grandfather. Did Mr. Ransford make love to you ?

He complimented me, and I was foolish

enough to listen to him. I was very young, and knew no better.

Oh, he complimented you, and you were foolish enough to listen to him. How old were you ?

About seventeen.

Interesting age. Did another gentleman in Dunelm pay you attention ?

Another gentleman ?

Yes, Lady St. Barnard ; let me assist your memory. Did a Mr. Mayfield visit the Hermitage and walk out with you ?

Mr. Tom Mayfield was a student and a friend of my grandfather's ; and, with my grandfather's consent, he proposed for me in marriage, and I refused him.

Indeed ! Where was this ?

I was gathering wild flowers.

Very well. You were gathering wild flowers when Mr. Mayfield pressed his suit, and was rejected. Why was he not acceptable to you ?

I do not know : he was a gentleman, and my grandfather hoped I would accept him, chiefly, I think, because my grandfather regarded Mr. Ransford as a scoundrel.

Because Mr. Ransford was a scoundrel. Did you walk with Mr. Ransford, and receive letters from him and presents, although your grandfather thought him a scoundrel ?

I did. I was a wilful girl, and resented my poor grandfather's efforts to limit my independence ; I could not endure the idea that I was not to be trusted, and my grandfather loved me so much that he was jealous of my being out of his sight, and this almost became a mania with him.

He did not like you to be beyond his eye ; and you justified his mistrust. You thought that was the best course, eh ?

I do not understand.

Your grandfather wished to exercise surveillance over you, and your desire of independence being great, you received the addresses of Mr. Ransford unknown to your grandfather, and accepted a present from that gentleman worth from one to two hundred guineas.

Yes, I regret to say I did.

Did Mr. Ransford ever propose marriage to you ?

Yes, frequently.

Did he propose to marry you in Dunelm ?

He did.

But you were to go with him to London first ?

We were to be married in London if I would accept him, but I did not accept him.

We shall see. Now about that meeting in the summer-house which you explained to my learned friend : it is true that you waved your hand to him ?

It was a girlish freak.

Yes, I know.

He was so far away, and I did not know that it was he.

But it was Mr. Ransford ?

Yes.

And he came over the river in response to your invitation ?

I did not invite him.

You beckoned to him ; and like a second Leander he swam the Hellespont ?

He crossed in a boat, or over the bridge lower down.

And you received him in the summer-house ?

He was in the summer-house when I returned to the garden.

Did he remain long ?

No, and he implored me on his knees to stay a few moments to hear his protestations of love.

Did you remain ?

I did.

How long ?

A few minutes.

Hours are but minutes to lovers. How long ?

A few minutes.

I will not ask you to tell us all that passed between you. Was your conversation interrupted by the arrival of your grandfather ?

Mr. Holland : She has told you that and all the rest in her evidence in chief.

Don't mind Mr. Holland, Lady St. Barnard ; he is not in order. Pray attend to me. I will try not to wound your sensibilities if I can help it. Did your grandfather interrupt your conversation ?

He did.

And dragged you down the garden and into the house ?

Yes.

And called you objectionable and offensive names ?

Yes, that is true ; he did not mean what he said, my poor dear grandfather.

But he applied epithets to you of the foulest kind ?

He used very harsh language.

This was not the first time that your grandfather had been angry almost to madness with you ?

No ; the next time was when he discovered the necklet which I had thrown into the river.

You told us of that ; but was he not frequently angry ? Did he not say you would come to a bad end ?

He did not.

Mr. Holland : If he did it is a common enough expression with parents and guardians who have high-spirited children to deal with.

Thank you, Mr. Holland. I am not cross-examining you. Pray attend, Lady St. Barnard. Did not your grandfather consider your conduct cause for anxiety on his part ?

No doubt ; but that arose through his overweening love for me, and not because I gave him cause to fear. I was young and possibly a foolish girl—vain, I daresay, like other foolish girls.

Mr. Ransford frequently wrote to you, and you received his letters through a privileged messenger ?

Yes.

Did you answer his letters ?

Once or twice I did.

Now do you remember that letter in which he proposed that you should elope with him ?

Yes.

Did you answer that letter ?

No, I only received it on the day which he fixed for his design.

Have you that letter ?

No.

Can you tell us the nature of the contents ?

He dwelt upon my evident unhappiness, and begged me to go with him to London, where I could remain at an hotel until the arrangements were made for our marriage. He said if I consented we could go by the

mail train that night, and he would have a carriage ready on the North Road to convey me to a station a few miles out of Dunelm where the mail stopped. If I consented, at bed-time, I was to place a pot of flowers outside the window on the window-sill.

It was not necessary, then, to answer the letter if you placed the flowers on the window-sill ? And you placed them there ?

No, sir, I did not.

Be careful, Lady St. Barnard.

I am careful, sir.

Do you swear that you did not place those flowers on the window-sill, the signal of your consent ?

I swear. ["Thank God," said Kalmat in a whisper, and he felt as if a weight had been lifted from his heart.]

Did you tell the servant to make the signal ? •

I did not.

Nor do anything to have it made ?

No. I did not wish it to be made ; I scorned Mr. Ransford's offer ; I was ill that night ; ill with shame and remorse that I had given him encouragement in any

way ; but I could not in my girlish flirtation have dreamed that he would trespass upon my condescension and dare to propose an elopement. He only did this, I suppose, because he saw that I was very unhappy at home.

You think that was the only reason ?

Yes.

The Bench may form a different opinion ; but no matter, to return to this pot of flowers, this signal of your consent to elope. It was put out on the window-sill ?

I have since had reason to believe so.

Did you not know it at the time ?

No ; some terrible mistake was made, I feel sure, about those flowers.

Yes ; we have heard your theory, that your grandfather thinking flowers in a room unhealthy, placed them in the open air just at the moment when Mr. Ransford was waiting for the signal. But that is only a theory. And you swear you did not answer the prisoner's letter by giving the signal suggested ?

I have sworn it.

The elopement was interrupted by Mr. Mayfield ?

Mr. Holland : Really, your Worship, I must request you to——

My learned friend is going to say there was no intention of elopement on the part of Miss Waller, and therefore it could not have been interrupted. I will amend my question. Your ladyship described to my learned friend the disturbance that occurred at about the time fixed by Mr. Ransford for you to place the pot of flowers on the window-sill. Mr. Mayfield had evidently been suspicious that something extraordinary was likely to take place ?

Mr. Holland : My friend calls that amending his question. I object to it in its original and in its amended shape ; as indeed I object to his cross-examination generally ; but as your Worship is inclined to allow a considerable margin to the prisoner's attorney, I do not needlessly address you ; we must, however, draw the line somewhere.

The Magistrate : Certainly, while the Bench is anxious not to limit a full inquiry, it is quite clear that——


Mr. Cuffing : Pardon me, your Worship, I do not press the question ; I bow to the

decision of the Court, and would at the same time suggest that the present moment offers a favourable opportunity for adjournment.

The Bench agreed with Mr. Cuffing, and the Court adjourned.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RACK.

HE next day Clytie returned to the moral torture. Thumb-screw and rack were duly provided at Bow Street; and she bore the miseries of this modern Inquisition with fortitude, though not without pain. She looked pale and worn. The Court was crowded to suffocation. Every window was thrown widely open. Iced-water was placed within reach of the witness, by whose side Lord St. Barnard was still permitted to sit. The prisoner did his best to carry out Mr. Cuffing's instructions, but all his efforts did not shake off a certain hang-dog look, which the intelligent portion of the lookers-on construed in the lady's favour.

We will return for a moment, said Mr. Cuffing, to that night of the proposed elopement. You retired earlier than usual, you say ; why was this ?

I did not feel well.

Did you open your window ?

My bed-room window ?

Yes.

It was open.

You could see into the street then ?

No, my room looked upon the garden.

Mr. Cuffing consulted his notes, glanced for a moment angrily at the prisoner, and then pulling down his shirt-cuffs and looking important, said—

Well, then, you could of course not see anything that was going on in the Bailey, as you called the street. Mr. Mayfield having assaulted the prisoner said he was a black-hearted scoundrel, and your grandfather ordered you to bed ?

Yes.

Then he appeared to know about the elopement ?

Mr. Mayfield had evidently discovered the design of Mr. Ransford ; no doubt he had ; I could tell by his language.

Thank you ; that is what I wished to know.

Mr. Mayfield had come to prevent it ; he might have bribed Mr. Ransford's messenger and seen the letter.

That is just what he did, your ladyship, and I shall call the messenger, who will explain this fully. Meanwhile tell me, did you overhear what took place after the disturbance between Mr. Mayfield and your grandfather ?

I heard sufficient to make me very unhappy. [Kalmat groaned, and a policeman loudly demanded " Silence."]

And the next morning you left your home and came to London ?

I did.

Did you come alone ?

Yes.

You know that Mr. Mayfield disappeared from Dunelm at about the same time, early in the morning ?

I have heard so.

It is not true that you travelled with him to London ?

It is not.

You did not meet him in town afterwards?

I have not seen him since that dreadful night. I hope he may be found to give you his version; for though he was deceived by appearances which were against me, he was a gentleman, and would tell the truth. [Kalmat longed to step to the front and declare himself; but he felt that he had important work to do, the usefulness and value of which would be imperilled by disclosure. Moreover, as he had told the bust, he was Justice, and he hovered on the track of Ransford.]

And how did you find lodgings in town?

I went to an hotel near the station.

Why did you leave there?

It was too expensive.

Had you no money?

Yes, I had thirty pounds.

Do you know a street called Wilton Street, St. John's Wood?

No.

Think. Did you not seek lodgings there?

Oh, yes, possibly.

Possibly. I do not wish to hurry you.
You do know the street ?

Yes, I know it.

Do you know that it chiefly consists of
improper and infamous houses ?

I have been told so.

You have been told so. Did you not
seek lodgings there ?

Mr. Holland : I do not object to the
question, your Worship, but I submit that
Lady St. Barnard should be allowed to ex-
plain. The matter is capable of a very
simple explanation. It was fully set forth
in the evidence in chief.

Mr. Cuffing : Therefore we have already
had her ladyship's explanation. Besides
Mr. Holland will have the opportunity of
re-examining the witness, and I submit that
meanwhile I may get at the facts in my
own way.

The Magistrate : Go on, Mr. Cuffing.

You sought for lodgings in this impro-
per neighbourhood, you say, and ran out of
the house which you had entered because
some gentleman made towards you ?

Yes.

Will you swear that you did not know

the kind of people to whom you were applying for lodgings ?

I do swear.

The landlady came to the door ?

I believe so.

And invited you in ?

Yes.

You went in ?

I did.

You there saw another lady very showily dressed and drinking champagne ?

Yes.

And you did not then understand that you were in an improper kind of house ?

I did not.

But when they called some man to come, and he did come, then you ran away—is that so ?

It is.

And you saw a policeman and begged his protection, and all that kind of thing, as we have already heard ?

I have previously explained the whole of the circumstances.

Mrs. Breeze accompanied you on your visits to theatrical agents and managers in search of employment ?

Yes.

Did she go with you to Mr. Barrington's ?

She did.

Was she in your company all the time you were at this Theatrical Agency ?

No.

You had a private interview with Mr. Barrington first ?

Mr. Holland : Really, your Worship, I must protest against this line of cross-examination ; it is disgraceful.

The Magistrate : I do not think so ; it is only weak.

Mr. Holland : It is more the manner than the matter that I object to ; the insult by implication. I confess that I never sat in any Court with a greater sense of humiliation, compelled to assist, as it were, at the repetition of an outrage which has no equal in my experience.

Mr. Cuffing : My learned friend is almost as much beside himself as poor grandfather Waller was in Lady Barnard's early days ; but I submit, your Worship, that I am entitled to cross-examine the witness.

The Magistrate : I fear you are out of order, Mr. Holland. I say so with all submission to your legal knowledge and experience.

Mr. Holland : Then I am very sorry for it.

The Magistrate : And so am I.

Mr. Cuffing : That may be ; but you are neither of you in the position of my client.

Mr. Holland : God forbid !

Mr. Cuffing : When my learned friend has finished his prayers, I will proceed. (Laughter.)

Mr. Holland resumed his seat, and Lady St. Barnard sipped her iced water and again resigned herself to the torture from which no human power could save her.

You told the Bench that Mr. Chute Woodfield advised you not to go upon the stage, because he said theatres, as a rule, were not conducted upon respectable or moral principles. Did you act upon Mr. Woodfield's advice ?

I did not.

It was after you had received this advice that you went to the office of Mr. Barrington ?

It was.

Did you acquaint Mr. Woodfield with your decision ?

I wrote to Mr. Woodfield.

And explained to him that although theatres in his opinion were immoral places, you had resolved to go upon the stage ?

I think I informed him that my means would not allow me to live without doing something, and that I did not know of any other possible occupation for me except the stage, and I hoped that my mother's name would help me.

And you applied to Mr. Barrington ?
Who gave you that person's name ?

I saw it in the theatrical newspaper.

What did Mr. Barrington say to you ?

I forget.

Did he say theatres were immoral ?

No.

Did he approve of your choice of the stage as a profession ?

He said he would assist me to obtain an engagement. He remembered my mother, and thought I was wise in adopting her name.

Did he introduce you to Mr. Wyldenberg of the Delphos Theatre ?

Yes.

Did you happen to know that the management of the Delphos at that time was somewhat notorious for intrigue ?

I knew nothing of the theatre.

Did you take any advice about it ? For example, did you write to Mr. Woodfield or your grandfather ?

I did not.

You went there, and were engaged without any compunction ?

I was engaged and had a part given to me in a new comedy.

Did you like the new life which this opened up to you ?

I did not ; I was surprised and disappointed.

At what ?

At the want of courtesy and gentlemanly conduct of all the persons concerned. I thought actors and actresses were treated with consideration ; I found that behind the scenes was the opposite to my ideal.

In what respect ?

In every respect. The lessee and the acting manager treated the company as if the actors were merely servants, and the

actors treated each other as if they deserved no higher consideration. I do not see why this should be so, but that it is so is a barrier to any lady or gentleman of the smallest sensibility adopting the stage as a profession. I am tempted to say this in the interest of Art, and with a hope that somehow my short experiences publicly stated may do good. (Applause.)

I believe your criticism is quite just ; still you would have continued in the profession but for Earl Barnard's impressive interference ?

I might have done so, and borne the hardship of it as I bear your questions—because it is my fate. (Applause.)

Mr. Cuffing protested against demonstrations in Court, and the magistrate threatened to clear the room.

What was the part they gave you to study ?

An orphan subjected to the tyranny of a hard-hearted step-mother.

Do you remember the other characters ?

One, I think, was an unscrupulous attorney, who persecuted the orphan for the sake of getting money out of her lover. (A laugh.)

Is that a stroke of wit, Lady Barnard, or a genuine bit of memory ?

I do not know what the author considered it ; the character seemed to me very truthful. (Laughter and applause.)

Oh, indeed ! Now pray attend, Lady Barnard : you appear to have many friends in Court, perhaps you will tell them whether you went day after day to rehearsal to this notorious Delphos Theatre in a brougham hired by Mr. Philip Ransford, the prisoner at the bar ?

I went several times in his brougham.

Although you left Dunelm chiefly through his insults and designs, you allowed him to visit you in London, and you accepted the use of his brougham ?

He protested so much to Mrs. Breeze, and I felt that——

Pray answer my question. I said nothing about Mrs. Breeze ; “ Yes,” or “ No,” is all I require.

When Mr. Ransford came up to Mrs. Breeze and——

Lady St. Barnard, I must request that you answer the question I put to you. I will repeat it. Although you left Dunelm,

as you have told us, chiefly through the insults and base designs of Mr. Philip Ransford, the prisoner at the bar, you allowed him to visit you in London, and you accepted the use of his brougham on several occasions ?

It was quite by accident that——

“ Yes,” or “ No ;” did you, or did you not ?

Mr. Holland : Your Worship, I maintain her ladyship has a perfect right to answer the question in her own way.

The Magistrate : She may offer any explanation afterwards ; but the practice, I think, is that she shall first answer the question, and then give any explanation she may think desirable.

Your ladyship is to answer the question, “ Yes,” or “ No.”

I did allow him to——

“ Yes,” or “ No,” if you please ; I will take your reply in no other form.

Lord St. Barnard : Your Worship, I have sat here with, I hope, a proper respect for the Bench and with reasonable patience, but I will not permit the Countess of St. Barnard to be addressed in this manner.

The Magistrate : My lord, I fear you are out of order ; Mr. Cuffing's manner is not what the Bench approves, but I think we must leave that to his own conscience and public opinion. I would advise your leaving the case in the hands of my learned friend, Mr. Holland, who, I am sure, will do all in his power to protect his client.

Lord St. Barnard shrugged his shoulders, and sat down ; Mr. Holland leaned from his chair to speak privately to his lordship ; Lady St. Barnard appeared greatly distressed at her husband's anxiety on her behalf ; Mr. Cuffing examined his papers, and said something in a whisper to his blue bag ; the prisoner looked uncomfortably round the Court ; a smart leader writer who had visited Bow Street for ten minutes, seized the point for a few notes on police-court practice ; and the case was continued.

May I ask your ladyship for your answer ; is it " Yes," or " No ?"

Yes.

Now you may explain.

Mr. Holland : Her ladyship reserves her explanation until the re-examination, having

already given an account of her meeting with Mr. Ransford in her evidence in chief.

Very well. With regard to the luncheon of which you partook in the manager's room, you had reason to believe that the ladies present were not respectable ?

I had.

But you remained at the luncheon ?

The manager compelled me, almost under a threat of closing my engagement ; but I requested Mr. Ransford to take me away.

He was at the luncheon, then ?

Mr. Holland : Her ladyship said he was, and that she was glad to see him for the first time in her life, because she thought he would protect her if she appealed to him.

Yes ; but if you have no objection, I would rather have the lady's own answer. Did you not know that Mr. Ransford would be at the luncheon ?

I did not.

You swear that ?

Yes.

He took you away from the luncheon ?

I asked him to do so.

You went in his brougham ?

A brougham was at the door ; I felt very ill, and he put me into it.

You were ill, you say. What sort of illness was it ?

I was giddy and faint ; I think the wine disagreed with me.

You did drink, then, with these ladies whom you had reason to think were not respectable ?

I took a little wine.

Though you refused to drink in Wilton Street, you took a little wine at the Delphos Theatre ?

Mr. Holland : Your Worship, this is really shameful.

The Magistrate : Not more shameful from your point of view than the general charge which the prisoner has made against the witness ; therefore it is useless to object—at present, at all events.

Very well, then, I will not trouble your ladyship with that question—I simply state it as a fact, and pass on. Mr. Ransford took you to his chambers ?

I was too ill to object. I thought I was going to die.

You told my learned friend you thought you had been drugged. Do you still think so ?

Yes.

By whom ?

By Mr. Ransford. (Sensation.)

On what ground do you make this terrible accusation ?

I think he was capable of doing it, and he had ample opportunity ; and I cannot account for my illness in any other way. It was also the opinion of the housekeeper at the Piccadilly Chambers.

Indeed ! and where is this wonderful housekeeper, and who is she ?

I do not know. I think she said her name was Meredith.

[“Meredith,” said Kalmat, making a mental note of the name ; “Mary Meredith ? I wonder if it was Mary Meredith. It is a name I have heard ; but there is no name like it in the letters addressed C. Y. E. at the General Post-Office, which I got this morning. Meredith—she must be found.”]

Meredith ; I think this is the first time we have heard the woman’s name ?

It is only at this moment that I have remembered it.

She remained with you all night, you say ?

Yes.

But you were insensible ?

She was by my side when I fainted ; she was there when I recovered my senses ; she promised not to leave me, and she did not leave me.

You could not know whether she did or not if you were insensible.

I do know.

Very well ; but it is nevertheless true that you remained there all night, and in the morning Mr. Ransford told you you were compromised beyond all redemption ; I am quoting your own evidence ?

Yes.

He said you had better stay for good, tried to take your hand ; whereupon, like a "London Journal" heroine, you seized a knife and raised it as if to strike him ?

I was ill and desperate, and too indignant to know well what I said or did.

The facts stand thus, then : you went to rehearsal and luncheon one day at the

Delphos Theatre, and did not return to your lodgings at the Breezes' until the next morning, having been during the interval of luncheon and that time at Mr. Ransford's chambers in Piccadilly ?

I suppose you may sum it up as you please ; I have previously explained the circumstances.

Very well ; two days after this you again went to rehearsal ?

Yes.

You did not first communicate with Mr. Chute Woodfield or with your grandfather ?

No.

And you never made a public appearance after all ?

No.

The public were not entertained with that interesting orphan and the wicked solicitor who wanted to get her lover's money. (Laughter.) The Breezes with their box, and all the other people, had to go away again ?

Yes.

Mr. White, however, played the guardian angel to you. I can quite fancy Mr. White with wings. (Laughter.) Mr. White

introduced himself to you as a messenger from your grandfather ?

Partly from my grandfather.

But that was not true ?

Yes it was.

How ? He had not seen Mr. Waller ?

No ; he came from my grandfather the tenth Earl of St. Barnard.

Indeed ! How long have you been accustomed to call that nobleman grandfather ?

Since you have compelled me to acknowledge my relationship.

Mr. Holland : Your Worship, I must beg permission to interrupt the cross-examination for a few moments.

Mr. Cuffing : On a point of order, or what ?

Mr. Holland : A piece of information has come to the knowledge of the prosecution this very day, and as it applies to the question at this moment raised, and which is one of the issues of the case, I beg to be allowed to make a statement.

Mr. Cuffing : I object.

The Magistrate : This is really not the time, Mr. Holland ; I think not.

Mr. Holland : With all due submission I would suggest that in a case of this kind affecting the honour and reputation of a noble lord and lady wantonly attacked for the purpose of——

Mr. Cuffing : Stop, sir. Your Worship, I protest against this most improper and illegal interruption ; Mr. Holland is positively making a speech.

The Magistrate : You are really out of order, Mr. Holland.

The learned counsel bowed, sat down, and wrote a note to the “ Times ” reporter, who rubbed his spectacles, and nodded an affirmative answer ; and Mr. Holland proceeded to write the following note, which appeared the next morning in all the daily papers :—

We are requested to state that the prosecution have received from a priest in Paris copies of the registration of the marriage at Boulogne of Miss Pitt to the Hon. Frank Barnard, the birth of Mary Waller Barnard, and the death of Mrs. Barnard, with other particulars and copies of affidavits of the officiating priest, relating to the matter in hand.

Did Mr. White go into the Breezes' house on the night when he told you the

nobleman who was your grandfather's friend would provide for you ?

Yes.

And I suppose you had a long talk about the theatre and the nobleman—a general gossip, in fact ?

Mr. White explained his mission.

Which was ?

To induce me to leave the stage, and go with him to meet my grandfather the Earl at the Burlington Hotel.

Did he say your grandfather the Earl ?

No.

Had you ever heard of the late Lord St. Barnard up to that time ?

I think I had heard his name mentioned at the theatre.

Oh, you had : at that celebrated luncheon ?

I believe so.

But you had no notion of calling him grandfather, or any nonsense of that kind, then ?

I did not know that he was my grandfather.

Nor do you now, Lady St. Barnard, for that matter ; let us understand each other.

I do not understand you, sir.

Perhaps not ; I shall possibly make myself better understood by-and-by, my lady. Mr. White, then, took Mrs. Breeze and yourself to see this generous nobleman ?

Yes.

Well, we have a very long account of the interview in your evidence in chief. We will not go into that matter again. When you found yourself rich and a lady, and all that kind of thing, did you leave St. Mark's Crescent ?

I have already stated that I thought it would have been ungrateful to do so.

You drove up there one day in grand style with coachmen and liveries ?

I had said to Mrs. Breeze that if ever I were a great lady I would call and take her out in my carriage. I said this only half earnestly, though I always had an instinctive belief in my being acknowledged as of noble birth.

So you kept your promise ?

The late Earl lent me his carriage, and my first drive in it was to St. Mark's Crescent, and I took Mrs. Breeze and one of her children into the Park, and pointed

out to her the spot where in her company I had first seen Rotten Row. (Applause.)


And where Mr. Ransford got off his horse and asked you how you found yourself, and begged to be allowed to visit you?

The Magistrate : It is after four o'clock, Mr. Cuffing. We will adjourn, if you please, until twelve o'clock to-morrow.

The Court was speedily cleared, and as the crowd emptied itself, hot and tired, upon the traffic outside, they were greeted by the newsboys with "Evening paper—the great Barnard-Ransford Libel Case, this day!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE WHEEL.

ADY ST. BARNARD appeared the next day not only to be suffering from physical exhaustion, but she was mentally much excited. She had slept but little for several days. The cross-examination of Mr. Cuffing was almost more than she could bear. Brave, firm in her determination to fight the battle through to the bitter end, she still felt most keenly the misery of her position, the impossibility of thoroughly justifying herself in the eyes of the world.

It is a terrible thing for a woman to commit an indiscretion. Clytie now realized all the love of her dead grandfather. If she only had her game of life to play again ! The thought harassed her through the

night, and left her weaker and more disheartened every day. It seemed years since first she stood at this awful bar of public opinion. When would it end? Was it a dream? Would she awaken and find that she was still Mary Waller, with this terrible lesson to warn and guide her? She prayed that this might be so.

Lord St. Barnard was kind and considerate under the trying circumstances of his position. He never left his wife except to attend the conferences of his solicitors and Mr. Holland. His lordship had secured for her a comfortable suite of apartments at the Westminster Palace Hotel, and once a day Mrs. Breeze brought the children up from Grassnook to kiss and cheer her, and strengthen her for her daily ordeal. It was a cruel time, and her husband's love and gracious words and affectionate solicitude made her feel all the more the bitterness of the disgrace which must through her already have fallen upon the house of St. Barnard. Her principal affliction on this sixth day of her cross-examination was the fear that she would break down. Mr. Holland assured her that it could not pos-

sibly last more than two days at the outside. Two days more ! It was an eternity to her. What questions could possibly be invented that would last another two days ? The uncertainty was terrible. With her present experience of the malicious invention of her persecutors, she had an instinctive dread of what was to come. Cuffing had threatened her more than once with the words "we shall see," uttered with ominous gravity.

The lady's instincts were true ; for on this day Cuffing had made up his mind to use the weapons which he and Ransford had forged during that memorable interview with his client in the Bow Street cell.

"Now, Lady St. Barnard," began the wily attorney for the prisoner, "I am told that I am unnecessarily spinning out this cross-examination."

The Magistrate : Who tells you so ?

Mr. Cuffing : Your Worship, by your manner ; and the newspapers in strong language.

The Bench : We have nothing to do with what the newspapers say.

Mr. Cuffing : We shall see. There are

two editors whom I shall sue for libel ; and I beg to warn the Press generally and in this public way that——

Mr. Holland : Your Worship, I object to the time of the Court being wasted. Besides, all this is disrespectful to my client, and——

The Magistrate : Pardon me for interrupting you, Mr. Holland. Be good enough to proceed with your cross-examination, Mr. Cuffing, and permit me to say that I quite agree with the opinion that you are needlessly prolonging this case.

Mr. Cuffing : Indeed, sir ; then dismiss it.

The Magistrate : At present, sir, I may tell you that my inclination is the other way. If I had known that the case would have lasted so long, I think all interests would have been best consulted by a committal in order that a jury might have settled it once for all. You compel me to say this.

Mr. Cuffing : I do not see how I compel you to express an opinion at all at present, sir ; but I am in your hands. I will proceed, and it may be some consolation to

you to know that I hope to conclude my cross-examination to-day.

The Magistrate: That is indeed some consolation, as you say.

Pray forgive me for this little delay, Lady St. Barnard, said Mr. Cuffing in his blindest way, turning to the witness. I am sorry to be the legal instrument of causing you great pain and much evident suffering, but I only fulfil an important duty.

Lady St. Barnard trembled. Cuffing looked wicked. He sorted his papers with tiger-like ferocity. There was an expression of great anxiety on the face of the prisoner.

We will return for a short time to your life in London, previous to your interview with Mr. White at the Delphos Theatre. Do you know the Alhambra?

In Leicester Square?

Yes.

I have seen it.

You have seen it. Were you never inside it?

No.

Not with Mr. Philip Ransford, the prisoner?

Not with any one.

Will you swear you did not sup there and witness the performances from a private box ?

Yes, I swear it.

Very well. Now be good enough to refresh your memory about those Delphos Theatre days. How often did you take supper with Mr. Ransford at a café near the theatre ?

I never took supper with Mr. Ransford anywhere.

Lady St. Barnard's voice trembled, and she clung to the witness desk for support. Many persons in Court thought she looked conscience-stricken and guilty.

Be careful, Lady St. Barnard ; I have witnesses to call. How many times did you sup with the prisoner at a café near the Delphos Theatre ?

I never supped with Mr. Ransford, the prisoner, anywhere. Let him stand up and say so ; I do not believe he will.

All eyes were turned upon the prisoner, who looked at Cuffing.

Unfortunately, Lady St. Barnard, the prisoner is not allowed by the law to speak

at present, or to defend himself, except according to legal forms.

I am sorry ; I think he cannot be so cruel and wicked as to invent such dreadful accusations.

No ; they are not inventions, Lady St. Barnard. Pray attend. I am sorry to appear unkind, but the duty of an advocate is a sacred trust. Do you know Cremorne ?

No.

Not Cremorne Gardens ?

I do not.

Then you do not remember being ordered from the gardens for creating a disturbance there ?

A disturbance at Cremorne Gardens !

Lady St. Barnard looked at her husband, and returned the pressure of his hand.

Yes ; I will repeat my question. Then you do not remember a disturbance which you caused at Cremorne Gardens, and for which you were ordered to quit the place ?

No, I do not.

If my instructions are correct, the disturbance arose while you were drinking champagne with Ransford and one of the

ladies of the Delphos Theatre. You say that is not so ?

No.

Will you swear that you did not visit Cremorne twice with the prisoner at the bar ?

No answer.

I am sorry, as I said before ; but it is my painful duty to ask these questions.

Lady St. Barnard did not answer. She had fainted. There was a murmur of sympathy in Court. Lord St. Barnard wetted her hands and lips, and bathed her forehead. Kalmat never found it more difficult than at that moment to wear a revolver and not to use it. Cuffing had to pull himself together. The lady speedily recovered. The Bench suggested a short adjournment. Lady St. Barnard was conducted to the magistrate's room, and in a quarter of an hour afterwards she sat once more in the witness-box.

Lady St. Barnard, pray take my questions calmly ; I assure you I put them as mildly as my instructions permit. I hope to conclude to-day ; to-morrow is Sunday, and your ladyship will be able to rest.

And by the way do you remember going to Brighton to spend a Sunday—during the first week of the Delphos rehearsal ?

I do not.

You do not remember it ?

I did not leave London during that time.

Perhaps I am wrong in the date. When was it that you went to Brighton with the prisoner ?

I never went with him to Brighton.

You say that on your oath ?

I do.

These answers take me greatly by surprise. I fear I must refresh your memory by several far more serious incidents than these mere journeys of pleasure to Brighton and visits to Cremorne——

Cuffing looked straight at Lord St. Bernard, who was watching him with great anxiety. The lawyer thought he detected an appealing expression on his lordship's face.

I do not wish to press you unduly. Do you remember meeting Mr. Wyldenberg on the parade at Brighton, when he invited you to dinner ?

I did not go to Brighton.

Mr. Holland looked at the magistrate, and shrugged his shoulders.

Did you, Lady St. Barnard, also speak of your desire to go on the stage when Mr. Ransford called at St. Mark's Crescent ?

I think so ; Mrs. Breeze certainly did.

And Mr. Ransford promised to assist you ?

I had already obtained the engagement at the Delphos Theatre.

You mean that you did not require his assistance ?

I mean that he had no hand in my obtaining an introduction to the Delphos Theatre.

Very well ; but your conversation on his first calling upon you at St. Mark's Crescent, turned upon acting and your being an actress ?

Yes, no doubt.

No doubt. Good. Did Mr. Ransford call again ?

Yes.

When ?

The next day.

Did he see you alone ?

I do not remember.

Do you think he did ?

I really cannot say.

Did he frequently call ?

Yes.

The Magistrate (impatiently) : We have gone over this ground before ; but go on, Mr. Cuffing—go on, if you wish it.

Mr. Cuffing : Thank your Worship.

He called frequently, you say ?

Yes.

Did he on any occasion see you alone there ?

Yes, once.

Once. Oh, you remember that he saw you once ?

Yes.

What transpired ?

He called to insist that I should use his brougham to the theatre.

To insist ?

I had declined to accept the use of it.

He had offered it before, then ?

Yes.

And he came specially, when you saw him alone, to insist that you should use it ?

It seemed so.

And you accepted the brougham ?

He urged it so persistently that I did.

“Saying she’d ne’er consent, consented,”
said Mr. Cuffing, as if he were addressing
his blue bag ; whereupon Mr. Holland rose
indignantly.

Your Worship, I cannot allow this disgraceful scene to continue.

The Magistrate : What has occurred ?

Mr. Holland : Did you not hear the last
remark of the defendant’s solicitor ?

The Magistrate : It referred to the
question of Lady St. Barnard using the
defendant’s brougham.

Mr. Holland : It was not a question, it
was a comment.

The Magistrate : I did not hear it.

Mr. Holland : I am very sorry for it. I
am sure your Worship would have denounced it earnestly, and with contempt.

Mr. Cuffing : Shall I go on, your Worship ?

The Magistrate : It is after four o’clock,
Mr. Cuffing. We will adjourn, if you
please, until twelve o’clock to-morrow.

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Lady St. Barnard trembled. Cuffing looked wicked. He sorted his papers with tiger-like ferocity. There was an expression of great anxiety on the face of the prisoner.

With all due submission to Mr. Holland, before we take the final close of your career in the Ransford days, we will return for a moment to your early life in Dunelm, when you were "vain like other foolish girls." I simply use your own words. When you used to see Mr. Ransford, did you talk to him about going upon the stage?

I did.

Unknown to your grandfather?

Yes.

Why unknown to him ?

Because he had a horror of the stage.

And Mr. Ransford had not ? Was that your reason ?

I suppose so. In addition, Mr. Ransford used to tell me about London, about the opera and the parks.

You were fond of listening to his descriptions of London ?

It was a new world to me, and Dunelm seemed very dull. My grandfather would not talk about London, except at very rare intervals.

Did Mr. Mayfield talk about London ?

No.

He made love to you in a different way altogether ?

No answer.

His ideas of life were different to Mr. Ransford's ?

Yes.

Did Mr. Ransford introduce you to his family ?

No.

Did you meet Mrs. Ransford sometimes ?

No.

Not walking in the city ?

Yes, frequently.

And they did not know you ?

We had never been introduced.

Did you visit in society ?

Yes, a little.

Did you not meet them in society ?

No, Dunelm society was very limited and very exclusive.

And you were not admitted—is that what you mean ?

I was very young, and my grandfather did not care that I should go out much.

Mr. Ransford's mother did not call on you at the Hermitage ?

No.

Nor his sisters ?

No.

How was this ?

I don't know.

Did you visit at the Deanery ?

My grandfather went there.

Did you ?

The Dean was unmarried, and did not entertain ladies, I think, except on rare occasions.

And were you at the Deanery on any of these rare occasions ?

Yes, once, at an evening party, when the Dean's sister, who had come over from Paris, was visiting at the Deanery ?

Indeed. Did you meet the Ransfords on that occasion ?

The Ransfords were never invited to the Deanery.

Not Mr. Ransford, who was reported to be so rich ?

I think not ; certainly not the ladies of the family.

Had you many visitors at the Hermitage ?

No, my grandfather lived a secluded life ; he did not care for society.

Was that one of the reasons why you felt so much interest in Mr. Ransford's descriptions of London, even to the extent of allowing him to talk about taking you there, without the previous ceremony of marriage ?

No answer.

You do not understand me ?

No.

No matter, the question is of no great

importance, and I see Mr. Holland is getting impatient. Now did Mr. Ransford write letters to you ?

Yes.

How often.

I cannot say how often.

Frequently ?

Several times—I suppose you would call it frequently.

And how did you get them ?

Through a privileged messenger, who abused my grandfather's confidence.

He was the man at the church who blew the organ ?

Yes.

He abused your grandfather's confidence ! Why did you not tell him so when he had the audacity to give you the first letter which you received from Mr. Ransford ?

I ought to have done so ; I have been greatly punished for this first neglect of duty.

I suppose you put it down to vanity, and being actuated as other foolish girls would have been ?

I put it down to having been without

the counsel and affectionate guidance of a mother. (Applause.)

Very good.

You were indiscreet, then ?

I was indeed.

And now, passing over this period to your life in London, I suppose you would say you were indiscreet when you drove in the defendant's brougham ; when you supped with him in an evening, and——

I never supped with Mr. Ransford.

We shall see. Now, Lady St. Barnard, attend to me. We are coming to the close of this lengthy examination. Do you know the Alhambra ?

In Leicester Square ?

Yes.

I have seen it.

You have seen it. Were you never inside it ?

No.

Not with Mr. Philip Ransford, the prisoner ?

Not with any one.

Will you swear you did not sup there and witness the performances from a private box ?

Yes, I swear it.

Do you not remember what they call the canteen at this establishment ?

No.

Nor the supper-room ?

No.

In fact you say you were never inside the Alhambra ?

Never.

You are very emphatic. There is nothing very serious in knowing the Alhambra. It is a very respectable place.

It may be, sir ; I am simply answering your questions.

Simply, yes. Do not be angry, Lady St. Barnard. I am sorry to be so persistent. You know Leicester Square, you say ?

Yes.

And you know the Alhambra ?

Yes.

But you have never been inside it ?

No.

Did you not walk in the park with Mr. Ransford ?

No.

Nor ride with him ?

No.

Nor drive with him ?

No.

Only on that occasion when he drove you from the theatre, after the luncheon, about which we have heard so much ?

Only upon that occasion.

Did you meet Mr. Barrington or any other gentleman by appointment at the Royal Academy ?

No.

Had you any other friend or acquaintance in London beside Mr. Ransford ?

Not that I knew of ; I believe my grandfather was then in London trying to find me.

Yes ; he died in Bedford Street. The woman of the house has this very day communicated with me.

Lady St. Barnard turned pale, and said has she—I am glad—I would like to see her.

You will ; I intend to call her.

[This was a wild boast. The woman had found Mr. Cuffing's office, and told him all she knew in the interest of Lady St. Barnard, begging him to call her. He had readily agreed to do so. She was an

old and ignorant woman, and the evidence was of little legal weight, but it would have been deeply interesting to Lady St. Barnard, seeing that in his last hours Mr. Waller told the landlady that the child was not to blame; his own jealousy and unkindness had driven her forth. It would completely have cleared up the question of the jar of flowers; and the old man had left the address of the old Earl St. Barnard, requesting the girl to find his lordship. Lady St. Barnard was not destined to have even the consolation of receiving this last message from the old man, who had fainted and died so near, and yet so far from her.]

I am glad to hear it.

When you were living in grand style at Gloucester Gate did you communicate with Mr. Ransford?

No.

You did not write and ask him to call?

No.

Nor did you invite Mr. Barrington to call?

No.

You cut all your former friends?

I had no friends.

Very well. Now be good enough to refresh your memory about those Delphos Theatre days. How often did you take supper with Mr. Ransford at a café near the theatre?

I never took supper with Mr. Ransford anywhere.

Lady St. Barnard's voice trembled, and she clung to the witness desk for support. Many persons in Court thought she looked conscience-stricken and guilty.

Be careful, Lady St. Barnard; I have witnesses to call. How many times did you sup with the prisoner at a café near the Delphos Theatre?

I never supped with Mr. Ransford, the prisoner, anywhere. Let him stand up and say so; I do not believe he will.

All eyes were turned upon the prisoner, who looked at Cuffing.

Unfortunately, Lady St. Barnard, the prisoner is not allowed by the law to speak at present, or to defend himself, except according to legal forms.

I am sorry; I think he cannot be so cruel and wicked as to invent such dreadful accusations.

No ; they are not inventions, Lady St. Barnard. Pray attend. I am sorry to appear unkind, but the duty of an advocate is a sacred trust. Do you know Cremorne ?

No.

Not Cremorne Gardens ?

I do not.

Then you do not remember being ordered from the gardens for creating a disturbance there ?

A disturbance at Cremorne Gardens !

Lady St. Barnard looked at her husband, and returned the pressure of his hand.

Yes ; I will repeat my question. Then you do not remember a disturbance which you caused at Cremorne Gardens, and for which you were ordered to quit the place ?

No, I do not.

If my instructions are correct, the disturbance arose while you were drinking champagne with Ransford and one of the ladies of the Delphos Theatre. You say that is not so ?

. No.

Will you swear that you did not visit Cremorne twice with the prisoner at the bar?

No answer.

I am sorry, as I said before; but it is my painful duty to ask these questions.

Lady St. Barnard did not answer. She had fainted. There was a murmur of sympathy in Court. Lord St. Barnard wetted her hands and lips, and bathed her forehead. Kalmat never found it more difficult than at that moment to wear a revolver and not to use it. Cuffing had to pull himself together. The lady speedily recovered. The Bench suggested a short adjournment. Lady St. Barnard was conducted to the magistrate's room, and in a quarter of an hour afterwards she sat once more in the witness-box.

Lady St. Barnard, pray take my questions calmly; I assure you I put them as mildly as my instructions permit. I hope to conclude to-day; to-morrow is Sunday, and your ladyship will be able to rest. And by the way do you remember going to

Brighton to spend a Sunday—during the first week of the Delphos rehearsal ?

I do not.

You do not remember it ?

I did not leave London during that time.

Perhaps I am wrong in the date. When was it that you went to Brighton with the prisoner ?

I never went with him to Brighton.

You say that on your oath ?

I do.

These answers take me greatly by surprise. I fear I must refresh your memory by several far more serious incidents than these mere journeys of pleasure to Brighton and visits to Cremorne——

Cuffing looked straight at Lord St. Bernard, who was watching him with great anxiety. The lawyer thought he detected an appealing expression on his lordship's face.

I do not wish to press you unduly. Do you remember meeting Mr. Wyldenberg on the parade at Brighton, when he invited you to dinner ?

I did not go to Brighton.

Pray be careful, my lady. Do you know the Ship Hotel ?

Yes, I do.

Ah, I thought we should get at something presently. (Sensation.)

I was at Brighton for the first time in my life last year. (Applause.)

We shall see. Do you know a dancing saloon and supper-rooms at Brighton ?

Lady St. Barnard burst into tears. "Take me away," she said, turning to her husband, "I am too ill to go on ; I shall be better by Monday. Tell them to adjourn."

Lord St. Barnard whispered to her ladyship's counsel.

Mr. Holland : Your Worship, my client is too ill to remain longer in Court to-day. Your Worship would perceive that her ladyship was far from well when she came here this morning. I must ask for an adjournment until Monday. Meanwhile, I may say that the questions of the attorney for the prisoner suggest libels as cruel as they are wicked and malicious.

Mr. Cuffing : Your Worship, I make

due allowance for my learned friend's excitement ; I have not asked a single question in support of which I shall not call witnesses : I consent to the adjournment, and deeply regret that this case ever came before your Worship.

The Magistrate : The case is adjourned until Monday.

CHAPTER XVI.

BROKEN ON THE WHEEL.



It is a bright June day, not too hot but sufficiently warm to be pleasant summer weather. Even Bow Street looks unobjectionable. The pavements are dry, the road clean. Children are playing in the street. Bright posters hang like banners upon the entrance to Covent Garden Theatre. The clouds can be seen overhead, blue and white, as if a country sky had found itself accidentally looking down upon London.

The hour is twelve o'clock in the day. Two policemen are standing under the blue professional-looking lamp over the police-office door. A knot of idlers are grouped about the court-house on the other side of the street. Presently they make way for

Mr. Holland, whose name had become familiar to the world as Lord St. Barnard's counsel. Mr. Holland is accompanied by a clerk who carries the papers in the case.

Shortly after Mr. Holland had entered the Court there followed Mr. Cuffing with his blue bag, which looked as worn and knowing, as keen and shuffling, as himself. He carried the bag as if he had a victim by the neck and was pretending not to hurt him while he was pinching him viciously.

Inside the Court a dense crowd were awaiting the further torture that was to be done upon Lady St. Barnard. Saturday's examination had been simply delightful to thousands. It was sensational, full of human anguish; it teemed with vile suggestions; the woman could not bear the exposure that awaited her. Mr. Cuffing was evidently a better fellow than the public had at first thought him. He had put those damaging questions about Cremorne, the Argyle, and Brighton with even gentlemanly delicacy. No wonder she fainted. It was now pretty clear that she was guilty. This was the public view of Saturday's

business. It was sufficient for a large class that she was the daughter of an actress, more than enough for condemnation that she had herself been upon the stage, if only for a fortnight. The Saturday evening papers had given the public and society a taste for the Sunday journals, which kept the hot panting machinery in Fleet Street and the Strand going all day ; and on this summer Monday morning, when it was delightful to stroll into Covent Garden and buy a rose for your coat, London was on the tiptoe of expectation.

Half-past twelve ; and there was no appearance of Lady St. Barnard or her husband. The prisoner stood at the bar ; the magistrate sat on the bench reading the "Times ;" Mr. Cuffing was calmly looking up at the ceiling with an expression of affected innocence upon his fox-like face ; Mr. Holland was examining some letters which he was about to put in as evidence ; the newspaper reporters were chatting and drawing caricatures of Mr. Cuffing and his bag ; there was a buzz of impatience among the spectators. When was the play going to begin ? How long were they to wait

for the interesting victim ? She was really treating them very badly. It fell upon some of them as a cruel disappointment, the very thought that she might be ill and unable to appear, or that she might at least say so. It was too bad. Here were the thumbscrew and rack all ready, the executioners at their post, it was a bright pleasant day, and were they to be done out of the show ? The bare suggestion was misery to the majority of the crowd. Presently the magistrate, having finished the last leader in the "Times," looked up and asked for whom the Court was waiting.

Mr. Holland : For Lady St. Barnard.

The Magistrate : Is her ladyship ill ? Do you expect her soon ?

Mr. Holland : I am not aware that she is unable to appear. I expected to find her ladyship in Court.

The Magistrate : Would it not be well to send a messenger to the Westminster Palace Hotel ?

Mr. Holland : Possibly her ladyship went to Grassnook on Saturday ; I will immediately send and inquire.

Mr. Holland's clerk left the Court at

once, with instructions to take a hansom and drive quickly to the hotel.

Ten minutes elapsed, a quarter of an hour, half an hour, and the audience, who had come very early, in order that they might secure good places in Court, grew positively troublesome. They were very angry ; so much so that the magistrate in his quiet bland way said if any lady or gentleman present had other engagements during the morning and desired to keep them he would dispense with their attendance. This magisterial sarcasm quieted the aristocratic and plebeian crowd for the time being.

When Mr. Holland's clerk returned he was eagerly welcomed. After he had conferred with his chief, Mr. Holland rose and said Lord St. Barnard was on his way to the Court.

" Lord St. Barnard ?" repeated the magistrate, inquiringly.

" Yes, your Worship," said the counsel.

Mr. Cuffing looked round the Court with an air of conscious victory. He felt that there was a serious hitch somewhere ; he interpreted it in his own favour ; though he was at a loss to understand how the

point of it lay. He got up and spoke to the prisoner, who looked thin and worn.

"There is something wrong," he said in a whisper. "What will you do if I get you out this morning?"

"Anything you tell me to do," said Ransford. "Get me out of this ; it will kill me ; I'm sinking fast."

Mr. Cuffing thereupon addressed the Bench : I do not complain of this delay, your Worship ; but the prisoner is far from well ; may he be accommodated with a seat ?

All eyes were immediately turned upon the prisoner, who held his head down and fidgeted nervously with his neck-tie.

The Magistrate : Certainly ; for the present, at all events. Officer, give the prisoner a chair.

Just as Ransford had seated himself Lord St. Barnard entered the Court. He bowed to the Bench and sat down beside his counsel, with whom he at once commenced a serious conference. "I have been to our lawyers," he said ; "they would have accompanied me, but I thought the less display in the business the better. You

must apply for an adjournment for a week." "Why?" asked the counsel; "on what grounds?" "Lady St. Barnard's indisposition; she cannot come." "Pray, tell me what has transpired, and leave the matter to my discretion," said Mr. Holland. "Lady St. Barnard has gone away," said his lordship; "she has left a letter of explanation behind her. I fear the trial and her weak state of health have affected her mind. Get an adjournment—that is all." Upon this Mr. Holland rose to his feet amidst a murmur of excitement.

Mr. Holland : Your Worship, I regret to say that Lady St. Barnard has not recovered from the attack of illness which prostrated her on Saturday. She has made every effort to be present. Your Worship could see that she was suffering greatly when she entered the Court on Saturday morning. I shall ask the Bench to adjourn the case for a week at least, when I hope Lady St. Barnard will be sufficiently recovered to be present. (Murmurs of disapprobation.)

Mr. Cuffing : Your Worship, I object most emphatically to an adjournment. I

do not for a moment desire that Lady St. Barnard should come here if she is ill. Already I feel that it has been my most disagreeable duty to give this lady some mental pain, and I would not for the world run the risk of retarding her recovery from this sudden illness by asking for her re-attendance here a moment earlier than is convenient or desirable to her. But, sir, I contend that the case may fairly proceed without her. I had only a few more questions to put. It was my intention to finish on Saturday, and with your Worship's permission, I will be content to have Lady St. Barnard recalled at the close of the other evidence. At the same time I think Mr. Holland should give us medical testimony as to the lady's illness.

Mr. Holland : I cannot accede to Mr. Cuffing's proposition ; neither do I think it necessary to call medical evidence in support of my application.

Mr. Cuffing : Oh, indeed. I do not dispute your statement that Lady St. Barnard is ill ; but I see no reason at least why you should not favour the Court with a medical certificate to that effect.

Mr. Holland : It is not necessary.

Mr. Cuffing : Perhaps not ; you might have done it nevertheless. Having wasted so much time this morning it would have been a graceful act, to say the least.

Mr. Holland : The point is not worth discussing.

Mr. Cuffing, who had drawn his own inferences from the frequent consultations between Lord St. Barnard and his counsel, looked calmly at both of them and said significantly : Very well ; I have my own ideas about it ; but we will go on. In order that no obstacle may be put in the way of the prosecution, I will place in the hands of the Court the questions I intend to ask, so that they may not be affected by the evidence which has yet to come.

The Magistrate : That would be a very fair course, Mr. Cuffing. (Applause.)

Mr. Holland : Possibly, but I could not accept it, and I must respectfully submit that the application I have made is a most reasonable one.

Mr. Cuffing : If during the adjournment you liberate my client, yes ; I will offer no objection, providing that should you not be

prepared to go on in a week the case be dismissed.

Mr. Holland : We have no objection to the prisoner's liberation on substantial bail.

The Magistrate : Why not go on and call your other witnesses, Mr. Holland ? How many have you ? At the outset I understood that Lady St. Barnard would be your last witness.

Mr. Holland : That was our intention, but we had no idea the prisoner would extend his crime by fresh complications of libel and slander.

Mr. Cuffing : Your Worship, I appeal to you against this condemnation of a prisoner before he is even committed by a magistrate. By the law of England every man who is charged is innocent until he is proved to be guilty—(applause)—and I protest against the arrogant and offensive tone of my learned friend the counsel for the complainant.

The Magistrate : Why do you object to go on with the case, postponing the further cross-examination of Lady St. Barnard ?

Mr. Holland conferred with Lord St. Barnard and also with his clerk.

The Magistrate : It might be that sufficient could be done with the other evidence to warrant the case going before another tribunal ; it is impossible to say until we hear some of the evidence which Mr. Cuffing is pledged to call in justification of his cross-examination.

Mr. Cuffing : Your Worship, I have twenty witnesses.

The wily lawyer could see by the manner of Lord St. Barnard that something unusual had happened ; his instinct told him that he had hit Clytie down on Saturday almost to the point of madness ; it might be that he had utterly broken her down. He acted upon his instinct. The better thing to do was to fight, to affect much virtue and determination, to be bold as heretofore, to demand justice for his client.

Mr. Holland : I do not feel called upon to enter into further explanations, your Worship. Lady St. Barnard is too ill to be present, and I ask that the further hearing of the case may be adjourned for a week.

Mr. Cuffing : And I most emphatically

protest. If Lady St. Barnard were here I should only ask her three or four more questions.

While Mr. Cuffing was speaking, Mr. Holland was talking quietly to Lord St. Barnard, and reading a letter which his lordship placed in his hands. It was from Clytie to her husband, written the day before.

The Magistrate : If I adjourn, the prisoner must be liberated upon reasonable bail.

Mr. Cuffing : Certainly, your Worship. He has already suffered for a crime which I shall prove he has not committed, and it would be hard indeed if his incarceration were to continue an hour under present circumstances. Let my learned friend go on with his case. If Lady Barnard is too ill to be here—if the conclusion of my cross-examination is a difficulty, sir, I will say it is now concluded. (Sensation.) I will not ask her another question ; I dispense with her attendance. I am here to clear the character of my client, not to torture a woman. (Applause.) I am here to rescue my client from a conspiracy to

imprison him that he may not save the Court of England and society from a stain which——

Mr. Holland : Sir, I protest——

Mr. Cuffing : I will not be put down. I stand here for justice, and I will have it. It may seem unmanly for my client to have made that statutory declaration, but I shall show that he was actuated by true manly English motives. He was slighted, he was persecuted ; he was deprived of his estate, of his birthright. No, your Worship, I will speak. The time has arrived when I should hurl back the foul aspersions that have been heaped upon a harassed and broken man.

The Magistrate : You will have an opportunity, in due course, of saying all that you have to say, and I do not think that time has yet arrived.

Mr. Cuffing : With all respect and deference, I contend that the time has arrived. I am speaking, sir, to this question of adjournment, which I will oppose with all the eloquence of which I am capable, unless my client be liberated on his own bail. And further, sir, I call upon

Lord St. Barnard to be bound over to prosecute. We will have this story out. Men are not to be arrested and locked up to please a lord, or to satisfy the whim of a lady. I challenge the prosecution to go on.

Mr. Holland : The prosecution asks for an adjournment, not only on account of the illness of Lady St. Barnard, but from circumstances which will be fully explained at the proper time. I will not weary the Court by replying to the declamation of the solicitor for the prisoner. I am sure the Bench will accept it for what it is worth, and no more. This prosecution is as much in the interest of society as it is in the interest of Lord St. Barnard.

Mr. Cuffing : Then go on with it.

Mr. Holland : Sir, I request that you will not interrupt me.

The Magistrate : I do not think it is necessary that this matter should be further discussed. I am bound to say that Mr. Cuffing has made a proposition of which I entirely approve. He is content to say that the cross-examination of Lady St. Barnard shall be considered at an end ; and he asks that the prosecution shall call

their other witnesses. If the prosecution are not prepared to do so, I do not see how I can refuse to discharge the prisoner upon moderate bail.

Mr. Holland : Very well, sir.

Mr. Cuffing : With all due respect to the Bench and to my learned friend, I contend that the case should be dismissed ; but as we are really anxious that the matter should go on to the end, I shall be quite satisfied to accept the adjournment, the prisoner being released on entering into his own recognizances to appear.

Mr. Holland, having consulted with Lord St. Barnard, said he had no objection to offer, and the magistrate thereupon adjourned the case for a week, binding over the prisoner in the sum of £100 to appear.

During the evening there was a rumour that Lady St. Barnard had levanted. The newspapers did not venture to repeat it ; but the story was current in society. It was chronicled over dinner, discussed between the acts at the Opera ; men spoke of it at the clubs ; and before midnight the rumour had spread to taverns and public-

houses. Lady St. Barnard's disappearance alone could reconcile the public to the peculiar phase which the case had entered that day. She had broken down ; she could brazen out her shame no longer ; the dreadful story of guilt was true ; the adjournment was only for the purpose of gaining time to think. London soon summed the matter up ; and the clubs decided in their smoke-rooms that Lord St. Barnard had been "awfully sold," and that his resignation of all his public positions would be absolutely necessary.

It was only too true that Clytie had broken down. She had fled. On the Sunday she had gone down to Grassnook to sleep with her children, Lord St. Barnard finding it absolutely necessary to stay in town. Her ladyship was to return on Monday morning. She did not do so. She had fled. His lordship had received from her the following hurried note, blurred with tears :—

"My brain is on fire. I should die under another day's torture. I cannot bear it : not yet at all events, never again

perhaps. Stop that dreadful trial. *Stop it.* I do not know what to say to you. I am weak and ill ; but innocent. How can even the purest innocence stand against a league such as that which defames your poor unhappy wife ? The time is not yet, but it will come, when the clouds will clear and the true sun will shine out. Do not follow me. Wait and watch, and find that woman who was with me at Piccadilly. Heaven will surely help you. This is the third letter I have tried to write to you. Forgive me, dearest ; forgive me. I do not know why I take this rash step. There was not breathing room for me in London, not in England, unless I had gone to Dunelm, dear Dunelm. Oh ! my lord, my own good, generous husband, do with me what you will. I shall find my mother's grave, it will give me strength. Kiss our dear little ones for me—kiss them, and think of their maligned and unhappy mother."

END OF VOL. II.

BILLING, PRINTER, GUILDFORD, SURREY.

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the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are employed in the public sector has increased by 1.5 million, from 2.5 million in 1980 to 4 million in 1999. The public sector has become a major employer in the UK, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy.

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